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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 103, NO. 11

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1940

NUMBER 1345

Fifty Destroyers

It is excellent news that the President has arranged to exchange fifty of our over-age destroyers for ninety-nine-year leases on naval and air bases in six British possessions in this hemisphere—these besides the bases we are to acquire in Newfoundland and Bermuda, which are a gift. We need these bases desperately to defend the continental United States, not to mention the rest of this hemisphere. Britain's rights are not imperiled in any way by our having ships and airplanes based on her possessions, since it is inconceivable that these two great powers should go to war in the visible future. As for the destroyers, England needs them badly, though just how badly is hidden behind the veil of wartime censorship. Will we ourselves need them? In a sense we would, if Great Britain were to fall, since even a rifle is better than no weapon. However, we have an enormous number of these partly obsolete destroyers; we have more than we require for a well rounded fleet. The new bases are worth a hundred times the value of the destroyers to us; and the destroyers themselves are worth a hundred times as much now as they would be after a British defeat. It is a fine stroke of business on both sides.

Hitler Hasn't Won

It is now pretty plain that the war has entered a new phase. The German timetable has been badly upset; Hitler expected that he could destroy all British ports and break the morale of the British people within a short time, but neither of these things has happened.

In spite of all his efforts, not even the Channel has been closed to British convoys; in spite of his bombers, the spirits of the British people are good, and to judge from letters we receive, they are getting better. Many civilians have been killed, but the casualty lists are insignificant compared with those of the last war.

Apparently the British aerial defense is so well organized that the Germans have been forced to modify their technique. Planes have been coming over in smaller groups and there is greater reliance on night bombing. German losses are thus reduced, but so is the damage to Britain. Undoubtedly great harm has been done in England, though it is apparently not much greater than the Royal Air Force has done in Germany and the occupied territory. Temporarily, time is on the side of the British; if they can hold out a few weeks longer, the weather will come to their aid, making bombing more difficult and invasion by sea almost impossible. Their manufacturing resources and their aid from America will steadily mount during the winter and they may be able to face the Germans in the spring on something like equal terms. That, of course, is assuming that the RAF can stand up under the heavier attacks it will soon be receiving. We do not know why Hitler did not attack with his full force immediately after France surrendered; but whatever the reason, it may prove to have cost him the war.

The Child Refugees

A ship carrying child refugees from England to Canada has been attacked and only skillful action by those in charge, plus a lot of luck, prevented a serious

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loss of life. It is not clear whether the damage was done by a mine or a torpedo; Germany denies any knowledge of the affair, and in this case may not be lying. A submarine captain could not be expected to know that a ship was loaded with children. Even if he did, Germany declares that the blockade of the British Isles is complete and that no exceptions will be made.

In these circumstances, we urge that the American Congress reconsider its recent decision and employ American ships to bring children out of England, even without guarantees by Germany. Mr. Alfred Kuttner, who scolds *The New Republic* in our correspondence section this week, tries to draw a historical parallel with previous sieges, in which women and children have always suffered. But his parallel is nonsense; women and children have stayed in besieged cities only because they could not get out. We see no reason why children should die when it is unnecessary, and we believe that in this case it is unnecessary. Germany certainly does not want to bring the United States into the war; she would therefore hesitate to torpedo American ships, plainly so marked, bearing child refugees. Even if she did, we do not think that this country would enter the war; our sensibilities are less brittle than they used to be. The risks involved seem to us reasonable in proportion to the advantages to be gained; that is all any reasonable man can ask.

Stalin's Shadow

Hitler has at last moved in the Balkans. Northern Transylvania has been forcibly transferred from Rumania to Hungary, from which it was taken by the victorious Allies at the close of the last war. The Rumanian peasants are protesting, but it seems unlikely that their revolt will come to anything; Transylvania is a welter of races, and there was no more logic in the transfer twenty-one years ago than in the one today. Indeed, the present transfer is a little more logical, since only the northern part of Transylvania is restored to Hungary and the solution may therefore be called a compromise.

The German army is taking over the problem of defending Rumania; King Carol's troops in the north are being demobilized to go home and get in the harvest. These German soldiers of course could be used for only one purpose: to halt an advance by Germany's ally, Russia. In spite of everything, we still do not know just how far Moscow hopes or intends to go. Apparently Hitler, who also has placed heavy forces along the German-Russian border in what was formerly Poland, shares the world's uncertainty about Stalin's intentions.

Speech Is Silver

Mr. Willkie talks too much for his own good, and we can understand his temptation to do so. He has always wanted to be an orator and writer and now sud-

denly finds himself in the deliriously pleasant position where whatever he says gets printed and reported by radio all over the country. Nevertheless, if he were an experienced campaigner he would throttle the impulse. He bursts out with far too many ideas and in too quick succession. He gives an impression of instability, of going off half-cocked. Some of his ideas are good, but it is unwise to bring forth even good ones at the rate of one a day. If he continues to open his mouth so often, he will end, as the Irish say, by putting his foot in it.

From McNary to Wallace

In the exchange of vice-presidential acceptance speeches, it seems to us that Mr. Wallace had a clear advantage over Senator McNary. The Oregon Senator labored under a heavy handicap; he is an outstanding friend of public power and his running mate has been its chief enemy for the past decade. If McNary were only on the Democratic ticket, it is easy to imagine the effective anti-Willkie speech he could have made. Instead, he gave the New Deal faint praise—fainter than Mr. Willkie, who adopted each of its parts but not the whole. Senator McNary attacked the Hull reciprocal trade treaties and spoke a few words in favor of federal hydroelectric power. There was nothing else in his speech except the familiar and unfounded charge that the New Dealers are defeatists.

Mr. Wallace's speech, by contrast, was much the ablest document of any candidate in the whole campaign thus far. He struck a telling blow when he said Hitler would rejoice in Roosevelt's defeat and added that powerful forces allied with the Republicans wanted appeasement. He was impressive in defending the Roosevelt record since 1933, pointing out that farm income and factory payrolls have both doubled in seven years. Mr. Willkie has apparently adopted the Roosevelt-Wallace farm program, but the former Secretary of Agriculture effectively demonstrated the difference between Republican promises and acts. He showed that Campaign Manager Joe Martin has voted against every important farm bill since he has been in Congress. Immediately after the Philadelphia convention, where they praised aid to farmers, the House Republicans voted 106 to 38 against commodity loans on farm crops. Mr. Wallace is a trained economist, a keen creative thinker and an effective debater; we shall be lucky if campaign oratory on either side can be held anywhere near the level he has set.

The Great Defense Hoax

John T. Flynn advances an interesting theory in his article on page 352 of this issue. In effect, he says that we are in no danger at all from Hitler and that the war scare has been cooked up by President Roosevelt as an excuse to cover his own designs, which include militarization of the country and the destruction of democracy, as a preliminary toward setting up a totali-

tarian government. This is important if true, and we are a little surprised that hardly anybody but Mr. Flynn is aware of such a gigantic hoax and conspiracy. Certainly, if he is right, the President, almost all the members of Congress and everybody else concerned with preparedness should at the very least be impeached and removed from office. Since that would leave the country without a government, we suggest that it might be turned over to two highly trained executives whose general record Mr. Flynn must admire, since it has been one of denying that danger existed and spending as little money as possible for defense. We mean, of course, Messrs. Chamberlain and Daladier.

Good Sense from the NDAC

The National Defense Advisory Commission has come out firmly in favor of continuing all existing labor laws, national, state and local. This is a genuine concession coming from a body dominated by big-business men most of whom in the past have opposed the Labor Relations Act. We hope it represents a real understanding on their part that the question before the country is how to get the maximum possible preparedness in the minimum possible time. The New Republic has always favored a reasonable work week and better working conditions. It favors them now more than ever because it is convinced that we shall get more guns, tanks and airplanes in less time by doing so than in any other way.

The articles by Melvin M. Fagen in this and the preceding issue prove statistically that in France the higher labor standards introduced by the Blum government increased production and not the contrary. Scores of leading American efficiency experts and industrialists have testified that higher labor standards in this country have produced the same effect. You will find on investigation that those who want labor standards broken down because of the war emergency also wanted them broken down before that emergency existed. They are willing to gamble on our country's existence in order to continue an old quarrel with the worker.

The Front Page

The spectacle of Martin Dies clearing movie celebrities of charges of communism and announcing that they were only misled humanitarians would be comic if its implications were not so dangerous. The story is simple and a little revolting. Buron Fitts, District Attorney of Los Angeles, with a record that includes the revival of criminal-syndicalism prosecutions, reorganization of the notorious "Red Squad" and general distaste for civil liberties, is running for reelection in November. He decided to help his campaign as St. George against the Red Dragon by accusing twenty leading figures in the movie industry of communism

and cashing in on the resulting nationwide publicity. Martin Dies got one whiff of someone stealing his stuff and raced out to Hollywood to cut himself a slice of the cake. Since Fitts had already accused the celebrities, Dies's old act, there was no way left for Martin to make the headlines but to exonerate them, which he did. Jimmy Cagney and several other accused notables fell for the gag and hurried to Dies (whom Cagney called "a hell of a regular guy") to defend them, thus putting him right on the front page.

We do not know whether any or all of the accused people are communists (though we assume that most of them certainly aren't) and are not much interested. Any communist revolution that might be made in this country would not be made by guerilla bands in the Beverly Hills. What does interest us is the ease with which politicians are able to make political capital of smear charges and countercharges, with complete disregard for the good name and rights of the people concerned. Power as tremendous as this should not be left in such notoriously unreliable hands.

Aliens Have Rights

The American Committee for the Defense of the Foreign Born has just published a four-page pamphlet entitled "Your Rights" for non-citizens preparing to be registered and fingerprinted. In simple question-and-answer form it points out a number of almost unpublicized rights of aliens in regard to the current registration. The Committee emphasizes that despite registration, the alien still retains all his other rights, including freedom of speech, assemblage, conscience and residence. In regard to the physical act of registering, the alien is assured that he need not answer any question beyond the fifteen on the form; that anyone who attempts to charge him for the registration and fingerprinting is robbing him and should be reported; that he can come with a form already filled out; and that the registration officer is not empowered to pass on the truth or falsity of the statements he makes. Moreover, he cannot be refused employment or discharged for being an alien, except in certain special defense industries.

Most important, the alien should make up his own mind about whether an organization to which he belongs is subversive according to question fifteen, and need not accept other opinions, since he is only required to swear what *he* believes to be true. The Committee also offers free advice to anyone whose citizenship status is dubious. At a time of hysteria against aliens and confusion among them, such advice and service in connection with registration are a valuable enterprise.

Mexico and the Refugees

Most international news is gloomy these days. There is a double pleasure therefore in recording Mexico's fine action in agreeing to take as many thousands of

Spanish refugees in France as it is physically possible to transfer across the ocean. No one knows just how many of these refugees there are; the number commonly given is 250,000. Mexico will ask the help of the United States in transporting these refugees, and that help certainly should be granted.

It is stated that no distinction will be made as to the politics of the refugees. However, France reserves the right to hand over to Franco on request any "common law" criminals among them. This, it is feared, means that former leaders of the Loyalists may be sent back to Spain to face prison or a firing squad. For all practical purposes, France is now a Nazi state. Ever since the surrender to Germany, all refugees in France from any of the totalitarian powers have been at the mercy of the governments from which they fled; undoubtedly thousands of them have been returned already. That is a tragedy which the Mexican government has been unable to avert. Its generous offer will apply only to the refugees not wanted by Franco's firing squad; but for thousands of these it may spell the difference between a living death in concentration camps and life in a new homeland.

News Notes of a Week

General Almazán, safe in Baltimore, proclaimed himself President of Mexico and claimed that President Cárdenas was fully responsible for any rebellion that might occur. . . . Several of France's African colonies seemed slowly swinging over to General de Gaulle and the British. Agitation against the Vichy government was reported from French West Africa and Morocco. . . . Japan, like the camel with its head under the tent, demanded the right to march her troops through French Indo-China. . . . Plans were made for a worldwide Jewish army of 100,000 men to fight with Britain against Germany. . . . In its second printing, the British changed the title of one of their propaganda pamphlets from "The Origins of the War" to "How Hitler Made the War."

Roosevelt's two Labor Day speeches again promised that social gains would not be sacrificed for national defense. . . . Sixty thousand National Guardsmen will be mobilized on September 16. . . . The Workers' Defense League of Pennsylvania defied McKeesport's anti-leaflet ordinance, which calls for the fingerprinting and photographing of all leaflet distributors, and challenged the mayor to enforce it or scrap it. . . . Democratic National Chairman Flynn attacked Willkie's labor record on the basis of revelations in The New Republic's special section last week. . . . As a result of reiterated charges of communist domination, the Emergency Peace Mobilization in Chicago laid an egg. Most of the prominent speakers scheduled failed to show up. . . . Hay fever sufferers suspected fifth-column activity in the theft of a bottle of giant ragweed pollen from the World's Fair.

Willkie and Wealth

WHEN THE SENATE was debating the conscription bill, it tacked on the Overton-Russell amendment giving the President power to take over all factories and facilities necessary to defense, if the owners should prove recalcitrant in meeting the nation's needs. This amendment was immediately denounced by Wendell Willkie as a step toward "socialization or sovietization" of industry. So important did Mr. Willkie consider his opposition that he issued two long statements in one week on this subject, the second practically repeating the contents of the first. Is he right? Would it be a fatal handicap to our national defense to retain some such language as the Senate amendment?

First of all, let us concede that the United States is on the whole committed to private enterprise and that this commitment embraces the plants from which must come the bulk of our war material in this emergency. There is a great deal to be said for a government-owned and operated munitions industry, and even now there are no doubt certain aspects of our defense program which could best be handled in that way. But for most of our airplanes, tanks and guns during the next few months we must certainly look to plants that are and will continue to be privately owned.

Again, it must be agreed that it is unfair to ask a private plant to operate at a loss, since under those conditions it is likely to close its doors with terrifying promptness. The manufacturer working on war orders must get enough money to come out better than even. When he is venturing into a new field, he must have a reasonable margin to cover unforeseen contingencies.

Let us admit further that the Senate's amendment was largely political in purpose, an attempt to placate the American people who for the first time are confronted by conscription in peacetime. Many Senators no doubt voted for the amendment so that they could tell their constituents they intended to "take dollars as well as lives." They didn't expect the amendment to work and would be horrified if it did.

Granting all these points, it is our judgment that this amendment, in one phraseology or another, is vitally necessary; that Mr. Willkie is wrong and that his advice, if taken, might fatally weaken our power to resist.

The experience of the last war is valid on this point. We know that in 1917-18 a majority of American business men responded patriotically to the demands made upon them. But there was a minority—there is always a minority—which tried to take advantage of the emergency to blackmail the government. They wanted shockingly large profits and in some cases, through the connivance of men inside the government, they got them. It would not be so serious if this merely meant that we paid a somewhat higher price for preparedness than we should otherwise have done; really

adequate preparedness is worth whatever it costs when the alternative is defeat. But the bitter truth is that wrangling over money always causes delays in production; and delay is the one thing we cannot afford.

Mr. Willkie complains that the language of the Overton-Russell amendment is vague and says he would not object to an amendment carefully drawn to permit the government to crack down on the real recalcitrant. The general effect of his statement, however, is to damn the whole enterprise from beginning to end. It may be that some modification of phraseology is desirable, but Mr. Willkie's expressions of alarm are quite unnecessary. The men charged with the responsibility of putting through the defense program thoroughly realize the extremely serious nature of our crisis. The last thing they want is to slow down the efforts by needless disputes with manufacturers. They certainly would not use their powers until convinced it was a matter of grim necessity. Here again, the lesson of the last war is illuminating. The authority of the War Industries Board which gave it power of life or death over any industrial plant was practically never used. The fact that it existed was all that was necessary to bring a stubborn industrialist to time.

Mr. Willkie's trouble seems to be that he does not yet realize the grim problem by which this country is faced. He says we need military preparation, but he continually acts as though he didn't really believe it or at least didn't consider it important. His observations on the Overton-Russell amendment amount to saying that he feels it is more important to continue the sacred right of the industrialist to hold up the government if he can, than to make sure that our maximum effort will be put into preparing the country in the shortest possible time. If Mr. Willkie were elected President, and had his way, and if it then turned out that we failed to get enough defense in time, his would be the most fearful responsibility for failure in American history. But by then it would be too late even for recrimination.

Somebody Lied

NO STORY of modern industry is more amazing than what Henry Ford did to his Dallas employees suspected of unionism and to other people suspected of trying to organize them. This story was told in detail by Charles R. Walker in *The New Republic* of May 20 and 27, in articles which summarized about a million words of testimony before the National Labor Relations Board. A reader of *The New Republic* wrote to W. J. Cameron, Ford's professional apologist and propagandist, asking him about these charges and Cameron made a remarkable reply. He said, in effect, that *The New Republic* habitually lied about Mr. Ford; that Ford men are free to join any union they like; and

that the Dallas dispute was a fratricidal warfare between two unions.

Either Mr. Cameron is lying or the National Labor Relations Board is doing so. The Board has recently handed down its order in the Dallas case. It completely confirms every charge made in *The New Republic* articles and flatly denies Mr. Cameron's defense. The Ford Company has been ordered to stop all violence against its employees. It must no longer force its workers to contribute to the Ford anti-union campaign. It is required to post notice in its plants for at least sixty days that these practices will be stopped. It must notify its strong-arm squad in writing that they may no longer manufacture or store in the plants blackjacks, whips and other weapons used against persons suspected of unionism. Notice must also be posted that in future any supervisor or manager ordering hostile acts will be dismissed or otherwise severely penalized.

Among the facts verified by the order of the Board are the following:

1. The strong-arm squad was organized in Dallas "to put the fear of God" into anybody encouraging unionism. Its members were big, powerful men, chosen because they were also members of the plant's champion tug-of-war team.
2. The members of the squad were stationed at various points throughout the city of Dallas. They had free use of company cars and free access to the plant at all times.
3. Among the twenty-five or thirty persons severely beaten, there were several cases of mistaken identity. (One such individual afterwards died.) One man who happened to pass through Dallas on an automobile tour was beaten solely because it was learned he had formerly been employed at the Ford plant in Kansas City. Another man from Kansas City was in frail health and went South for the moderate climate. He was savagely abused.

Fairly typical is this testimony before the Board by a member of the strong-arm gang:

"Well, his face was beat up, his back was beat up, and his clothes was torn off of him, he was bloody and he was begging them all of the time they was whipping him, and trying to explain to them that he could give them all kinds of references that they wanted, and that he wasn't down here for no organization at all; that he merely come down here to visit the plant."

In another case: "They pulled his britches off . . . pulled his shirt up and Bob Johnson grabbed him about the neck, and they commenced to whip him with them switches . . . they hit him about fifty licks. . . . The man was begging them to let him go and said he hadn't done anything. . . . Roy Mason says 'He is about my size' and he says 'I want to give him a damned good whipping myself' and he lit in on him with his fists. . . . He hit him ten or twelve times, I guess, with his fists and knocked him down, knocked him down and kicked him while he was down. . . . His face was swelled and his clothes were rather bloody and his mouth was in pretty bad condition from a blow. . . . He had bruises on his body and his neck had stripes across it."

Any psychologist could tell you that there were

evidently sexual degenerates among Mr. Ford's employees in Dallas.

Aside from the question of Mr. Cameron's veracity, the interesting part of this case is what happens next. The NLRB has issued certain orders to the Ford Company, as specified above. Within the past few days, however, Ford has agreed to make a large quantity of airplane engines as a part of the national-defense program. It would not be surprising if Mr. Ford now feels he has the government at his mercy and can dictate to its departments as he pleases. We promise our readers to report in due time as to whether the NLRB orders are obeyed.

They Want Willkie

WENDELL WILLKIE has repudiated fascist support, stating in no uncertain terms that he would rather not be elected than be elected by the bigot vote. He even named Father Coughlin specifically as a man whose help he didn't want. Yet the goose-steppers refuse to leave the Willkie parade, and it is not hard to see why. No matter what Willkie says about them, Roosevelt is infinitely worse.

Long before the Republican convention, Father Coughlin was stumping for Willkie for President and Lindbergh for Vice President. Coughlin's newspaper, *Social Justice*, labeled a full-page picture of Mrs. Willkie, "The Wife of a Champion." The Royal Oak rabble-rouser, who has a tidy pile of his own socked away, favors Willkie because he "rose to a point where he earned \$75,000 a year and more by sheer ability." Coughlin explains the anti-Hitler sections of the Republican platform as a gesture to appease Willkie opposition within the party, and predicts that, once elected, Willkie will toss the platform down the rat-hole.

Most of America's swastika salesmen are blowing kisses toward Willkie. James True hails him as "a last hope to rid the country of the disasters of the New Deal." Dr. J. R. Brinkley, an old hand at fascist fiction, announces in his Kansas newspaper, *Publicity*, "Stay Jew with Roosevelt—Go American with Willkie." Henry Curtiss, drum-thumper for the Christian Front, booms, "Anybody but Roosevelt for President!"

Edward James Smythe, leader of the anti-Catholic, anti-Semitic Protestant War Veterans, wrote in his column in *Publicity*: "Mr. Willkie, you must clean the Jews out of the Federal Government." Speaking at the joint hate-fest of the German-American Bund and the Ku Klux Klan in New Jersey recently, Smythe stated, "If Wendell Willkie will make a pledge with 120,000,000 Christians to keep America out of war, Roosevelt will do well if he carries two states."

It is reported that a crew of Nazi propagandists, headed by a cartoonist from the staff of *Der Stürmer* who signs himself "Fipps," is coming to this country to

launch an anti-Roosevelt newspaper. Hanging from Fipps's belt like a blackjack will be a list of 18,000,000 American relatives of Reich citizens which the Gestapo compiled in 1938.

The Willkie campaign in the fascist press is part of a larger program. Throughout the nation, fascists are swinging to politics. The latest trick is for known fascist organizations publicly to disband, turn a quick handspring and wind up three feet behind a political candidate.

Even after an acceptance speech that boosted conscription and promised to "beat Hitler in any race he chooses," America's fascists hung on to Willkie. *Social Justice*, in a leading editorial, commented, "Wendell Willkie's speech accepting the Republican nomination for President sounded a much needed call to nationalism." By some accident, the parts of Willkie's speech challenging Hitler went unnoticed.

The German-American Bund paper took Willkie's speech in its stride. "Hitler had to serve as a scapegoat," it explained. "We do not agree with all Willkie's thoughts, but believe him to be a stalwart American, endowed with intelligence and experience to give hope for the restoration of this country to normal conditions."

Father Coughlin's reaction was characteristic. Willkie had refused Coughlin's support, if he "understands correctly" that the Father is "opposed to certain people because of their race or religion." Father Coughlin immediately set out to put Willkie's mind at rest by stating that he was not against Jews "as Jews" but only against "Communistic Jews." Moreover, he said, he hadn't endorsed Willkie for President anyway, and if *Social Justice* had, he was not responsible for statements in *Social Justice*. Meanwhile the meetings of the Christian Mobilizers, the German-American Bund and the rest are still plentifully sprinkled with Willkie buttons and only Willkie buttons.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

EDITED AND PRODUCED UNDER UNION CONDITIONS BY CONTRACT
WITH THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE GUILD, LOCAL 18, UOPWA, CIO

America: Learn from France

TO EMPHASIZE INDUSTRIAL MOBILIZATION rather than material resources or fighting spirit as the core of modern national defense has become a commonplace in a world so bursting with mechanized warfare. But too often the wordiness and dilatoriness of popular government are mistakenly blamed for the lethargy of the democracies in their transition from the adagio of peacetime to the allegro of belligerent production. If the experience of France teaches anything, it is that defeat came not through too much but through too little democratic control over the system of industry. Under the Popular Front, the increase in the standard of living and the deliberate stimulation of higher wage costs, set into motion a process that began to promote the retooling and refurbishing of an archaic industrial structure. Had this reconstruction been allowed to continue, France could have hoped to withstand the German onslaught. Without it, she was lost.

What stubborn forces closed the window on the only breath of fresh air that might have revived French industry? Why did the finest army in the world go into battle with out-of-date weapons?

The answer is that the credit system of France, called upon to promote the expansion of industry, was in the hands of a financial oligarchy which refused to invest in the future of the nation, or to permit any government (even those more orthodox than the Popular Front) to do so. For this strange sabotage there was more than partisan motivation; there were institutional reasons. Sharp separation of identity and interest between the possessors of capital with their characteristic desire for liquidity and the owners of industry anxious for plant expansion and increased profits was a unique feature of the French economy. In the United States, on the contrary, interfusion of the banking and industrial interests tends more automatically to promote business investment when profits are to be made. In France, however, bond rather than stock ownership represented the predominant form of banking investment in industry, and income from government obligations the prevailing basis for capital formation or savings. For revenue this class of broad-gauge *rentiers* depended not on the profits of business but on the fiscal position of the Treasury. Financial advantages to be gained from higher industrial profits weighed less in the balance than the disadvantage to them of government spending.

But the Blum government's strong fiscal position (the budgetary deficit for the first quarter of 1937 was almost 40 percent less than in 1936) and its decision to keep out of the short-term capital market (so as to stimulate new plant investment) began to have

the desired effect of expanding credit despite the Two Hundred Families who controlled the Bank of France. Estimates for the ten principal banks in France showed that from January, 1936, to January, 1937, their holdings of state bonds had fallen 28 percent while their commercial loans increased 47 percent. By January, 1938, however, despite the steadily high productivity of industry and the even tenor of bank deposits, the commercial-credit portfolios of these banks had fallen back to the 1936 level. Industry, demanding credit, pointed to flourishing profit ledgers, but the flow of capital was mysteriously drying up. Those whose control over the Bank of France was only mildly challenged had succeeded in stemming retreat by a rear-guard action that sent capital abroad whenever the government proposed to mend the country's defenses. The simple fact was that patriotism and productivity were not regarded as paying propositions, and that, for them, ended the matter.

The first sit-down of capital came in September, 1936. In the summer of that year the Belgian government announced that it would accept Germany's views of the duties of "neutrality" and cancel plans to strengthen its eastern frontier so as to extend the Maginot Line to the Channel. That the Montmédy-Dunkerque sector then became the exposed heel of French defense was an axiom that did not need the subsequent confirmation history inexorably gave it. Premier Blum sent his War Minister, Daladier, on a tour of inspection, and the government then recommended that work be begun immediately to construct a barrier of concrete that would prevent a flanking movement against the Maginot Line. The Popular Front's extraordinary defense program for the expenditure of twenty billion francs in 1937 (almost double the 1935 military budget), including four billion for the northern defenses, was supported by all parties in the Chamber.

What then followed illuminates the peculiar patriotism of French capital. Such a prospect for increased arms expenditures would, we might expect, lead to business optimism and what our financial writers call "a flurry of buying" on the stock market. But the New York Times of September 9, 1936, had a different story to tell under the headline, "French Arms Plan Spurs Gold Flow." The news that the government was about to spend billions on defense was greeted with horror by those Frenchmen whose eyes were glued to the daily bond quotations. The New York Federal Reserve Bank, within three days after the announcement of the defense program, received for safekeeping almost \$20,000,000 in French gold. During the month of September enough French capital had fled to the

United States alone to cover one-half of the entire cost of constructing the defenses along the Belgian front.

Each time the government prepared to spend the money that had been authorized for the northern fortifications, the hounds of hell broke loose. Again in March, 1938, when Premier Chautemps asked for an expenditure of fifteen billion francs for this purpose (the money to be spent by a politically independent national-defense commission with Marshal Pétain as president) the hemorrhage of capital began once more and the franc fell to the lowest rate it had reached since November 11, 1926. The New York Times reported on March 9, 1938, from Paris:

The troubles of the franc, according to bankers here . . . [arise from] the proposal of the Chautemps government to seek approval of a financial plan involving contemplated expenditures of fifteen billion francs for national defense this year.

The next day the Chautemps government was overthrown because it dared to insist that money be spent on guns, tanks and fortifications. Blum became Premier again for one month—until the Senate refused to grant his renewed requests for defense funds. Indeed it is difficult to escape the conclusion that the Daladier government which followed was enabled to stay in power an unusually long time only because it was content to spend so little on military preparation. For of all the major powers, France alone failed substantially to increase its military appropriations in 1938-39 as compared with 1933-34:

*Defense Appropriations of the Six Major Powers
1933-34 Compared with 1938-39*

	1933-34	1938-39	% Increase
France (Francs)	12.3 billion	12.4 billion	.8
Italy (Lire)	4.8 billion	6.3 billion	31.
United States (\$)	544. million	1. billion	85.
Great Britain (Pounds)	93.5 million	326.6 million	286.
Germany (Marks)	671. million	10. billion	1400.
U.S.S.R. (Rubles)	1.5 billion	27. billion	1700.

Parsimony was enforced with similar rigor when new capital investment was sought for industry.

In December, 1937, the Government Commission of Inquiry on Production called upon industrialists "who are acquainted with the present great difficulty of the Treasury's position to find the necessary means to meet expenditures for retooling." The Popular Front government had attempted to help by legislation promoting banking credits at low interest for these purposes. But heavy industry was reluctant to invest in the country's future. The Comité des Forges reported to the Commission of Inquiry that it hesitated to increase production beyond present demand because it feared "overproduction." It recommended to all French industrialists that they follow the example of the steel producers in making new investments cautiously and "with prudence." This at a time when Germany was reaching peak production and preparing, after seizing Austria and making a toehold in Spain, to

launch her larger offensive against Czechoslovakia, Poland and France.

Meanwhile, despite the obvious danger of dependence upon a Germany treading the warpath, the French steel industry still relied on an uncertain agreement with the enemy to maintain its production. Even if the exchange of French iron for German coal may in normal times have had equal economic advantages for both sides, the totalitarian partner, by cutting off this trade suddenly, could obtain a tremendous military advantage while a bumbling laissez-faire would perform its contract without receiving the peppercorn for which it had bargained. That is what actually happened in 1938. French metallurgical output was crippled during that year by a strategic reduction of 37 percent (over 1937) of German coal shipments; but while this was happening France blithely increased her iron and steel shipments to Germany by 150 percent. Through this pressure Germany softened up the Comité des Forges, so that when Munich came the enemy was in no position to resist. The economic reward for French capitulation was the resumption of German coke shipments after Ribbentrop's visit to Paris in December, 1938.

France went to war suffering not only from a septic economy but from ineptitude and paralysis in military procurement. Was the Popular Front responsible, particularly because of its nationalization measures, for the débâcle of June, 1940?

Because of the obvious failure of the cost-plus system to ensure quality or quantity of output, and the need for a speedy cure, legislation was adopted on August 11, 1936, permitting the government to purchase sufficient facilities for the manufacture of military aircraft. The law did not provide for the nationalization of all aircraft factories, nor for the replacement of the old personnel or management by state officials.

At a cost of about \$40,000,000 (less than one-eighth of the total Air Ministry budget for 1936) the government bought a controlling interest of about 66 percent of the stock of twenty-two assembly and body companies, rented another, and for lack of funds took only a minority interest in two engine companies, Hispano-Suiza and Gnôme-Rhone, and in the Alkan armament and instrument factory at Valenton. These plants were reorganized and their locations shifted so as to form six large self-sufficient manufacturing units each situated in a different part of France. Non-nationalized companies were given sizeable funds for research on new prototypes and orders for the manufacture of planes to supplement the production of the government plants.

Did this reorganization of the French warplane industry have a pernicious or helpful effect upon production? Basing his record on official military reports to the French Parliament, Air Minister Cot was able to report when he left office that as of December 1, 1937 (as compared with June 1, 1936, before the

Popular Front), the number of aircraft in service had increased 40 percent, the number in construction had jumped 120 percent, the striking power of the air fleet had doubled (as measured by bomb-carrying capacity and armament) and engine power had multiplied six times over.

Military authorities were well satisfied with the partial nationalization. In 1938, General Mordacq expressed the prevailing view:

... The recent nationalization of the private factories manufacturing war materials—which is perhaps debatable from the financial point of view—cannot be questioned from the point of view of national defense; it has brought about a vital upsurge of supplementary power which, when mobilization comes, will greatly facilitate our war production.

What happened after the Popular Front? Although more than one billion francs were spent during 1938 on new plant and retooling, and the number of aircraft workers had increased by almost one-third during the year, the output of aircraft at the beginning of January, 1939, was down to between forty and sixty per month, less than it was in June, 1937, when the Blum government stepped out. Only 240 of the 2,617 modern machines which Air Minister La Chambre had asked for in the beginning of 1938 had been finished by the end of September of that year.

Administrative vagaries and budgetary starvation were mainly responsible for this condition. La Chambre, upon taking office, canceled work on all the 1,500 planes then under construction and ordered completely new types. Then, according to his own confession, it took the Air Ministry three months to place orders. It was not until the last quarter of 1938 that real production began. Nine precious months had been lost. The engine bottleneck was never cleared up and when in February, 1939, La Chambre asked the Chamber of Deputies to permit the purchase of 300 motors in the United States (as Cot had done) he was met by what the newspapers described as "bitter opposition."

Was it any wonder that, as General Maginal pointed out in the *Revue de l'Armée de l'Air* for December, 1938, France had hardly any heavy tanks, dive bombers or low-flying fighting planes, which were, as recent military operations have shown, so important? None of the main French bombers, the Bloch 200 and 210, or the Amiot 143, were light enough for dive attacks or groundstrafing.

If it is asked why the army's leaders did not come before Parliament to insist on new fortifications and weapons, the answer may perhaps be found in the openly avowed class prejudices of military chiefs like Marshal Pétain. Lecturing before the French War College in 1939 on "The Duty of the Upper Classes in the National Defense," he urged that officers should be chosen only from the "cultivated" elements of the

nation, specifically, lawyers, industrialists, business men, doctors, professors and judges.

Behind the failure to introduce assembly-line methods in production or to spend adequately for armament was not adverse national psychology, nor simple oversight, nor old-fashioned treason, nor an honest belief that quality was more important than quantity. France fell "not with a bang but a whimper." Though nations like men can go down gloriously into honorable defeat, the death of a millionaire perishing from malnutrition is not a heroic sight. The first democracy in Europe broke because of its institutional inability to direct the life-blood of capital into the arteries of the national defense.

An America forewarned by the French experience should not forget that:

1. Overflowing order-books and government gifts to business will not assure adequate defense unless our present cost-plus procurement system is carefully hedged about so that fundamental changes in production methods are required of industry. Our airplanes, for example, are so fussy in construction, so frequently changed in design, that mass-production is not even now being introduced. We are giving ourselves the illusion of progress in air power in assuming that plant expansion and extra shifts are sufficient when assembly-line techniques are really what is necessary.

2. High profits and lower wages retard national defense, not because they are immoral or create social dissatisfaction, but because they tend to slow up plant modernization and penalize efficiency.

3. Government borrowing to finance new defense expenditures may be preferable to consumer taxation, as Mordecai Ezekiel maintains, but neither can replace the need to mobilize idle capital lying in the banks for direct investment in industrial expansion. Unless this is done, we shall be creating a class of *rentiers* to whom an increasing national debt will be a red flag, a class of defense profiteers who, through the yawning meshes of excess revenue taxation, will siphon capital from circulation.

4. Neither the National Defense Advisory Commission nor the military affairs committees of Congress give us what we urgently need in the way of democratic control over mobilization policy. The Commission is a many-headed hydra without centralized direction or executive power, devoted principally to preparedness publicity, congressional lobbying and the appeasement of business. The congressional committees are for the most part composed of men without a knowledge of military affairs. We should have a mobilization agency composed of civilian experts willing to ask embarrassing questions of complacent military officials and industrialists, and capable of getting satisfactory answers or knowing the reason why.

MELVIN M. FAGEN

This is the second of two articles.—THE EDITORS

Good Neighbor in Action

AT THE MOMENT, the relations between the United States of America and the United States of Mexico may be described, in diplomatic language, as "good." This is indeed fortunate for our program of hemisphere defense against totalitarian aggression. What the Nazis want in Latin America is muddy political water to fish in. If we lose the friendship of Mexico and the republics south of it, we and Canada are diplomatically isolated in this hemisphere.

It may be taken for granted that lasting good-neighbor relations between the two countries would have to be based on two conditions. The first is reciprocal recognition of sovereignty, and the second is concrete undertakings promising substantial reciprocal advantages over a period of years.

On the part of the United States, the first condition implies: respect for the validity of Mexican laws, Mexican court decisions and Mexican administrative rulings; renunciation by the State Department of its sometime role of bill collector for individual Americans; acknowledgement that Mexican laws apply equally to citizens and foreigners and that Mexico has a right to experiment with a collectivist economy if it likes.

On the part of Mexico, it implies: recognition that the Monroe Doctrine remains in effect the constitution of the Western Hemisphere and that the U.S.A. will take all needed measures for hemisphere defense, with, if possible, the cordial sympathy and support of the Latin-American republics.

In respect to the first condition, the following intangible corollaries may be added: good diplomatic manners are essential in dealing with Latin America, while bad manners can wreck the soundest Good Neighbor plan; sympathy between the two peoples—in the sense that we have traditionally cherished sympathy for the French people—is not at all prerequisite to good neighborhood, but rather a result of it.

For the second condition, the United States wants certain concessions from Mexico: fueling ports and naval stations as needed; the building of strategic military roads; the laying of transcontinental pipe lines to service both our Atlantic and Pacific fleets; active efforts on the part of Mexico to suppress Nazi fifth columns; facilitation of trade with the U.S.A. by modification of special forms of taxation, tariff, and business-license laws; a fixed policy of at least nominal compensation for expropriated American properties; and the intangible but vital factor in connection with the above, good will and the recognition that such a program does not constitute "Yanqui imperialism."

Mexico requires comparable concessions that the United States must make: credits for building Mexi-

co's shaky collectivist economy on a rational, long-term program, permitting the orderly purchase of machinery for nationalized oil wells, for railroads (\$7,000,000 is needed urgently for replacement of worn-out rolling stock), for communal farms, for irrigation of new lands, for factories manufacturing articles of primary consumption; for road construction throughout the country; and a comparable intangible factor, willingness on the part of American diplomats and businessmen to believe that the Mexican government wants to meet its obligations if it can establish itself on a steady financial foundation.

From such a planned development of her national wealth, the Mexican government can obtain the taxes with which to pay its civil servants, its half-starved teachers, its embryonic social services, its army (without whose loyalty to the government there can be no stability south of the Rio Grande). Eighty percent or more of the credits required would be for purchase of machinery in the U.S.A., provided the terms were such as to permit payment to be made out of future earnings. The Export-Import Bank could appropriately support these credits; if it doesn't, the Germans will get the business. Such orderly development of the Mexican economy will begin to provide purchasing power for some of the 17,000,000 Mexicans who are now completely out of the foreign-market picture.

In proportion to the billions we expect to spend for hemisphere defense, such a credit for primary diplomatic defense of our hemisphere front is a minor item. Most and probably all the credits would eventually be honored with interest, though the more readily if the American tariff structure were systematically reshaped in the direction of hemisphere preference. On Mexico's side, the naval bases and military roads which she concedes to the United States represent no sacrifice, but, on the contrary, more employment for Mexicans.

The only formidable obstacle is emotional. A program of concrete good neighborhood, to be effective, requires a lot of forgetting and a modicum of Christian faith on both sides. But it ought to be possible, in a world crisis like the present one, to cancel out the legends of scheming Yanqui imperialism and dark Mexican trickery with realistic mutual-profit trading.

Those Americans who would rather see socialism fail in Latin America than see our hemisphere policy succeed—who would risk the terrible gamble of backing an Almazan counter-revolution and years of ensuing chaos—are playing the same sinister part as those politicians in France and England who subconsciously preferred the success of Nazism and the ruin of their Russian ally to the security of their own fatherlands.

Mexico City

HIRAM MOTHERWELL

The Failure of Left Criticism

FOR THE SEVEN or eight years before the Soviet-Nazi pact, the Communist Party had a position of great prestige in the intellectual life of America. That is over with now, and the party's intellectual front can never be put together again. But eight years is a long time, as American literary history goes, and those of us who were part of the front have to ask ourselves what was accomplished. It seems fairly clear that, however unfortunate the intellectuals' alliance with the Communist Party has turned out to be, it was a natural and necessary development. What lay behind it was good—the shocked response to nationwide misery, the realization of the failure of capitalism, the belief in the possibility of a better system. And because so much more was involved than the program of a particular party, the best of leftist writing will survive political catastrophes.

Left criticism, on the other hand, was closer to the political movement than creative writing was. It had to be, for its function was to integrate the political and the literary expressions of the new attitude toward American life. It was therefore in greater danger, and it has suffered more damage. I think a great deal, though by no means all, of left criticism has been invalidated by the events of the past year. That was the chance the critics ran, and there is no sense in complaining about it. There is sense, however, in trying to understand where the mistakes lay.

Most people who have attacked the literary left have either misunderstood or deliberately misrepresented its character. Eugene Lyons, for example, recently reckoning up its sins, included log-rolling among them. The charge was not impressive, coming as it did from one who was at the moment engaged in as obvious a bit of log-rolling as New York has seen—the campaign for Boris Souvarine's "Stalin." It was, moreover, unjust. Though Stalinists, as Mr. Lyons calls them, have rolled a log now and then, they have practised the art rather less than any other literary group I can think of. This is not because of greater virtue on their part, but because the leftists have never agreed on literary questions, and agreement has never been forced upon them from above.

Look at what happened to my book, "The Great Tradition," which was published in the fall of 1933. The New Masses, having suspended publication preparatory to becoming a weekly, did not review it at all. Alan Calmer wrote a review in The Daily Worker that I liked but that offered little for a publisher's blurb. In The New Republic, Malcolm Cowley, whom Lyons lumps with the Stalinists, was full of objections. John Strachey subsequently made adverse criticisms. And a member of the Communist Party, who either was or

had been a reporter for The Daily Worker, wrote a long article in The Windsor Quarterly that made James T. Farrell's later observations seem laudatory. Academic reviewers found more to praise in the book than radicals did.

That has been the experience of many authors in the Stalinist camp. There never was an occasion, so far as I know, when left critics got together and agreed to praise or damn a book, and the proof lies in the absence of unanimity. As for a campaign of cocktail parties, letters to the papers and the cajoling of influential critics—all part of log-rolling as it is normally practised in Manhattan—I have never seen anything of the kind on the left.

When Earl Browder said at the second Writers' Congress that the Communist Party had no line for literature, he spoke the literal truth. The party was deeply concerned with the politics of men of letters, but if they were innocent of Trotskyism and other political heresies, they could expound whatever views on literature they pleased. That same speech of Browder's indicated the way the party worked. At the first Congress Waldo Frank solemnly stood before a large audience at the general meeting and rapped the knuckles of one after another of the very persons—some of them Communists and most of the others close sympathizers—who were sharing the platform with him. The Communist Party not only did not rebuke him; it used its influence to elect him chairman of the League of American Writers. But between the first Congress and the second, Frank criticized the Soviet Union. At the second Congress, therefore, Browder publicly attacked him. For this reason and others—including the fact that he had done little work for the League—he was not considered for re-election.

Being purely political, the position of the party on literature was easy to grasp. If a man was under suspicion of Trotskyism, his books would not be sold at the Workers' Bookshops, even if they were themselves perfectly orthodox and had formerly been praised and promoted. So far as reviewing in The New Masses was concerned, none of us was partial to Trotskyism and we needed no instructions to attack Trotskyite books. Sometimes, however, we disagreed with the party experts on heresy and we usually got away with it. I was never told what I should say about a book, and my reviews were never changed. Of course, I accepted the party position and was not likely to be guilty of major heresy, but I know that many of my reviews were displeasing to party officials. The only open conflicts that took place were on the question of whether a particular book should be reviewed or not. Whereas I, in my

zeal, thought we ought to attack all opponents, the party saw fit to ignore most of the writings of the splinter groups and their fellow travelers. With all the difficulties of getting space and finding reviewers, this was an easy pressure to yield to, but it was often resisted, and with a little more time and energy it could have been resisted most of the time.

I am not trying to say that politics had no influence on reviewing; every review was written from a well recognized point of view, and people who did not accept that point of view were not asked to contribute. But the point of view was political, not literary. In general there was a division of labor that most of us accepted and approved of: the politicians took care of politics and we took care of literature. On a political book I was willing to take the advice of what we called "the ninth floor," but on a novel or a book of criticism I insisted on having my own way. So far as *The New Masses* was concerned, the system worked reasonably well, but I may say in passing that the extension of the principle was a mistake I regret. By joining the Communist Party I had committed my future to a group of politicians, and I ought to have kept a much sharper eye on them than I did. Politics is no game for a person whose attention is mostly directed elsewhere.

We paid a price, then, for our literary freedom, but we got it. A few years ago there was talk about an American RAPP; but the Soviet RAPP, until it was disbanded, had what amounted to political authority, whereas Communist critics in the United States, whatever their desires may have been, could not call on the party machinery to enforce their opinions. If some authors accepted these opinions as gospel, that was their own weak-mindedness. The better writers, even if they were party members, went their own way, and nobody stopped them. As a matter of fact, Stalinist authors paid rather less attention to Stalinist critics than critics usually get. In the spring of 1934 the editors of *The New Masses* rashly invited a group of radical authors to say what they thought about criticism in that paper and on the left generally. For once a considerable group of leftists were unanimous; criticism in *The New Masses* stank.

Disagreement on literary issues was the rule, not the exception. Every meeting of the John Reed Club I ever attended was a battle, not a conspiracy. The critics' session at the first Writers' Congress, though it was spared the wrangle over Trotskyism that wasted the critics' time at the second Congress, was made up of a series of controversies. The active editors of *Partisan Review*, long before they became Trotskyites, were critical of *The New Masses* and of most writers who were members of the party; and James T. Farrell, even during the brief period when he was on speaking terms with Stalin, delivered himself, with no interference whatever, of many of the opinions he

subsequently expressed in "A Note on Literary Criticism."

There is absolutely no reason, then, to assume, as I am afraid a great many people do, that the inadequacies of left criticism can be attributed to regimentation. One cannot put the blame on a mysterious RAPP or on the Communist Party; one must put it on the critics themselves. Needless to say, the degree of failure varies greatly, but at this point it is neither possible nor useful to deal with individuals. In general, looking back over the decades, one finds two schools—not rigorously defined, of course, and constantly changing. The one school hammered away at general principles: the importance of economic forces, the importance of the working class, the importance of the Marxist analysis of society. This group welcomed pioneer work because it believed the pioneering had to be done. The other school insisted on technical excellence, was concerned with problems of style and form and expressed considerable discontent with most of the left writing that appeared. The critics of the first group were often indiscriminating and hasty, accepting the will for the deed. The others frequently mistook querulousness and personal prejudice for austere judgment. Though both schools produced excellent pieces of criticism, there was in neither a critic capable of consistent analyses and mature, well rounded evaluations. And if it would be difficult to find any non-leftist critic against whom the same accusation could not be brought, that is no defense for the left.

It is easy to find explanations. In the early thirties the temper of the Communist Party was sectarian, and something of the heat of its political polemics was carried over into literary disputes. In the later thirties the party shifted its position, but many of us were deceived in thinking that the policy of the democratic front grew out of a genuine understanding of American traditions and the contemporary American scene. Fundamentally the party was as sectarian as ever, and its friendly gestures to the liberals merely confused intellectual issues. Political battles, chiefly with those whom the party called Trotskyites, went on as bitterly as before, and the bitterness was by no means restricted to one side. Critics had their independence in the later period as in the earlier, but they could scarcely escape the effect of these confused but virulent struggles, and those who broke with the party suffered no less than those who stayed in or with it.

The atmosphere, in short, was about as unfavorable to the development of clear and useful critical principles as it could conceivably be, but that is not the whole story. The fundamental explanation of the weaknesses of left criticism—and, incidentally, of much of the bitterness I have been describing—lay in the way the critics thought of their function. Recently I reread Edmund Wilson's article, "The Literary Class War," published in *The New Republic* for May 4, 1932, and

I found in it an important clue. "The question is," Wilson wrote, "does the work of art contribute toward a certain social end? The question itself is a proper one, but this does not mean that everybody who asks it is fitted to give an answer." The article went on to defend certain writers who had been attacked by certain Communists as effete and decadent. Quoting Lenin's assertion that the Soviet Union was eager to get the most advanced scientific equipment that capitalism had produced, Wilson said, "The Joyces and the Eliots and the Cummingses possess the Johannson gauges of consciousness." Therefore, he concluded, Communists should value their work highly and learn from it what they could, instead of dismissing it.

The analogy did not and does not seem to me sound, but that does not matter. What catches my attention now, as it did in 1932, is Wilson's general line of argument. Instead of simply saying, "I like Joyce and Eliot and Cummings," he had to try to justify that liking in terms of Communism and the class war. Now that is exactly what we were all trying to do, and I agree with Wilson—the Wilson, that is, of 1932—that it was a proper effort. The trouble is that it was much more difficult than we supposed. As Wilson said, anybody could ask what a work of art contributed to the building of a better society, but not everybody could find a satisfactory answer. Even Wilson couldn't, and I say "even Wilson" in all sincerity because he was the left's best informed and most sensitive student of literature.

Every Marxist critic tried to build a watertight system and the materials simply weren't there. The critic had a body of theory about the nature of society, very suggestive but not easy of application to his kind of problem. He had a body of personal tastes, in large measure the product of experiences that antedated his interest in revolution. And he had a very intense emotional interest in everything that seemed to him part of the revolutionary struggle. Some books moved him because they appealed to this new interest, others because they satisfied the previously formed tastes. Insofar as he spoke frankly as the embodiment of a social and psychological transition, his words had significance. When, however, he overreached himself, talking as if he knew all there was to know about the relationship between literature and society, past, present, and future, his generalizations were useless and his specific judgments confused.

In 1931 a very intelligent young radical—not a member of the CP, as it happens, but a Lovestonite—said to me that, if he were a critic, he would end every review by saying, "Capitalism must be destroyed." I laughed at him then, but it strikes me now that the left critics came very close to taking his advice. If we had merely repeated the slogan, no great harm would have been done, but we tried to invent formulas, so that we could say, "So-an-so is such-and-such kind of a writer;

therefore capitalism must be destroyed." And that was wrong, not because there isn't a connection between the state of literature and the state of society, but because we were in no position to make our statement about the author and our statement about capitalism part of the same proposition.

I am not saying that the Marxist criticism of the past ten years has been valueless, but merely that it has been less effective than it could have been. Not only have Marxists themselves written sound literary history; they have influenced academic historians, and the influence continues. Moreover, the left critics, whatever their mistakes, have helped to interpret to the public the literature of the depression decade, and if today hundreds of thousands of people are willing to read "The Grapes of Wrath" or "Native Son," and if many of them are able to read with understanding, the left critics deserve some of the credit. Even the mistakes of the Marxists seem to me in a way admirable, as mistakes go, and there is a good deal to be learned from them.

There was nothing wrong in our belief that the world had to be changed and that we could help to change it. There was something naïve in our faith that literary criticism could be a major weapon in the struggle. Today, being much less certain about many things, we propose to move more cautiously. Perhaps we shall go farther.

GRANVILLE HICKS

Afternoon of a Faun

Music and tea:

Like a hall of mirrors, the afternoon
Is trebled with plump gestures.

The bourgeois summer turns: some harmony
Is found among the flower-beds,
And when the dusk floats up around
The skeletons of garden chairs,
Like preparations for a treaty,
The matriarchs bring out the gilt-edged cards.

The furious uncles come,
The cousins with the tethered nerves,
Obscene Aunt Ruhla nursing X.

And when the knuckling begins,
The desperate laughter and the sweat,
I leave them in that circle
Vivid as microbes;

Say, Mine is another voyage
When the dark surrounds the dark,
Say, I Love, against the money and the talons
—Hugging the alien Day.

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN

You Go South

YOU ARE GOING SOUTH. You know what it is like because you were born there. But fifteen years in Harlem have dulled your childhood memories. Nevertheless you call your Northern-born companion aside as you board the day-coach in Pennsylvania Station.

"Look, Billy," you explain, "we've got a job to do and we can't forget it. There'll be times when this thing will stick in your craw. But just keep this in mind. The South won the Civil War, and we haven't got time to fight it again now. You can't get your pictures and I can't get my stories in jail or Federal Court."

Your companion is Philadelphia-born and Harlem-reared, but he sees your point. A short time later you are amiably debating the race question with a Duke University student, also en route to Norfolk. You are so engrossed in the conversation that you look up blankly when the conductor taps your shoulder just after the train crosses the Virginia line. The Duke student prides himself on his liberalism and has settled the question to his own satisfaction.

"It's only a matter of education," he is saying. "If all Nigras were as intelligent as you two, there would be no problem. It's the ignorant Nigra who causes all the trouble. He has to be treated like that. Now if you get down to Catfish Row in Charleston. . . ."

Young Duke is still defending his view when the interruption comes. The conductor is very polite. His voice is pitched so low you can hardly hear him.

"Won't you please move forward?" he asks.

Young Duke flushes and starts to speak. He checks himself, however, and buries his face in his magazine after nodding an uncertain farewell. You gather your luggage and stumble forward to the Jim Crow car which has been switched on at the station. The car you are leaving is air-conditioned. Its dual seats are comfortable. It is clean and well lighted and all its equipment is modern. The Jim Crow car is filthy. Its green-backed seats are moth-eaten. Its floor is littered with dirt and tobacco juice. Its windows are streaked with soot and its air is foul.

You stand aside as thirty-six other Negroes crowd into the car which has seats for only twenty-four. A Negro minister sits in the corner and listens intently as you try to keep your companion from making a row. Finally the conductor comes. You try to speak calmly about the car's condition. You point to the four other people standing in the aisle. You insist that something be done. The conductor interrupts. "It's the law," he says. "I don't own the railroad. I just work here."

"The law says separate but equal accommodation," you say. "What's equal about this?"

The conductor doesn't answer and you press your

momentary advantage. You point out that only three white people are occupying the air-conditioned car behind you. You demand that those three be transferred and the first car turned over to the Negroes.

The conductor still hesitates, and then the Negro minister reaches over and touches his arm.

"It's all right, Cap'n," he says, nodding in your direction, "they're young and don't know no better. We'll make out all right."

You turn back and the conductor is gone. Your companion curses, opens his camera bag, adjusts a flashlight bulb and steps into the other car. He snaps the near-empty coach and then snaps the Jim Crow car.

The conductor and a trainman rush in and raise hell about the pictures. Your companion ignores them and calmly dismantles his camera. When the trainman pushes toward him, a large overalled Negro steps into the aisle. "They done took the pitcher now, Mister," he says softly, "so what the hell you gonna do about it?"

The trainman steps back and you address the conductor. You ask his name and tell him you are going into Federal Court. You smile inwardly when his fear becomes evident. You feel a little better. But you are not going to sue. You recall that Representative Arthur W. Mitchell of Chicago did just that—to no avail. And you have neither his time, money nor influence.

Three weeks later, though, your companion has made a hurried trip back to New York and returned with his 1939 Pontiac and a car has settled some of your early difficulties. And then one day you take the wrong detour in Virginia.

Your gas only carries you to the first filling station—a country store with a gas tank—so you pull under the shed and wait. You don't sound your horn for attention; you've learned that much. Five minutes later a white woman's face appears in the grocery window. She regards you silently and then disappears.

You sit quietly for a full twenty minutes before a slate-faced white man steps from the store and approaches your car. He spurts a splash of tobacco juice near your front wheel and wipes his mouth on his sleeve. Then he asks abruptly: "Well, what do you want?"

"I guess thirteen gallons will be enough."

The grocer almost chokes on his tobacco cud. "You say *thirteen*? Yes, suh! Coming right up. Fine car you got there."

You recall this incident a half-dozen times during your next ten days in Virginia and North Carolina. There is the time, for instance, when you hesitate about taking your laundry to a large white establishment in Hampton.

"I don't think they wash colored clothes," a passerby says. But you are in a hurry, and overnight service is advertised, so you go in anyway. The clerk receives you courteously and reaches almost eagerly for your large bundle. And the next morning when you complain mildly over the loss of a pair of shorts he is visibly disturbed.

"I'm really sorry about that, Mr. Poston," he murmurs anxiously, "and I'll look for it right away. You come back this evening and ask for me, Mr. Poston. I'm Ed. You just ask for Ed, and I'll have it for you."

You are still pondering this surprising development two days later when you pull into Winston-Salem. A newspaper clipping has brought you there on an overnight jump.

The North Carolina Supreme Court had just voided a ten-year-old zoning ordinance which forbade Negroes to purchase property in the white residential sections of Winston-Salem. So you rush out to Church Street and seek the Negroes who were courageous enough to challenge this ban in court. And a colored lawyer laughs at your inquiry.

"What *Negroes*?" he asks, and tells you the story.

The residential ban has not been challenged by Negroes. Six white men had carried the case to court. These men were local real-estate operators and the Jim Crow law had prevented them from selling desirable property to wealthy Negro clients. So the white realtors had promptly charged violation of the Fourteenth Amendment and had gone to court to fight for Negro rights. A Superior Court judge upheld the ban, but the determined whites won on appeal.

"Segregation is all right," the lawyer concluded, "so long as it doesn't hurt a white man in his pocketbook."

A few days later you are sitting in the office of C. C. Spaulding in the six-story building of the \$47,000,000 North Carolina Mutual Life Insurance Company in Durham. Mr. Spaulding is not only one of the wealthiest Negroes in America, he is also one of the richest residents of North Carolina.

Some five years ago, however, he stopped in a Durham drugstore for a Coca Cola. The clerk waited until he had finished his drink and then smashed the drinking glass on the counter. Mr. Spaulding remonstrated and the \$15-a-week-white clerk knocked him down and beat him up. The clerk was arrested and

convicted—and released with a suspended sentence.

So you mention your recent experiences to the white-haired financier and he smiles at your surprise.

"You've stumbled on the basic reasons for improved relations in half of the South," he tells you. "This economic competition has become so great that it's no longer profitable to be prejudiced. A Negro with a dollar is no longer a Negro; he's a customer. And thanks to the New Deal, more Negroes have dollars down here today than ever before.

"Now I'm a banker and I've not always agreed with the various New Deal set-ups. But if you consider what it has meant to our people—even in relief and WPA—you've got to give Mr. Roosevelt credit. Even more important, though, is the Southern Negro's interest in voting—strictly a New Deal development—in trade unions, in joining coöperatives. . . ."

But soon you leave North Carolina. You head south on the Jefferson Davis Highway (it was the Lincoln Highway leaving New York). And now, too often, you find that neither money, education nor manners is enough.

You are hungry, for instance, and many miles from your next scheduled stop. You pull up behind a roadside restaurant and the inevitable Negro scullery boy comes from the kitchen.

"Will you wrap us up a couple of sandwiches and two containers of coffee to take down the road?" you ask. And the boy scuffs his shoes in the dirt.

"They don't sell you nothing here," he mutters without looking up. "They don't want you stopping around here."

You question him about other places up the road and he answers hurriedly, sneaking furtive glances back at the restaurant. There is a small place eighteen miles



down the road where they will slip you a sandwich—if you will buy some gas.

You find the dingy little place and order your gas in front. The owner, a middle-aged, sunburned little man, agrees willingly enough to wrap up some sandwiches. You detect his Northern accent and take a further chance. You ask if he has a rest room. He flushes deeply beneath his sunburn.

"I got one," he murmurs, half defiantly and half apologetically, "but I can't let you use it."

You sit still and stare at him. Then the defiance is gone. "I don't believe in all this. I'm a New York man myself. But my cracker neighbors won't let me. If they saw you going in there . . ."

You hand him his gas money and put your car in gear. You don't even look back when he yells, "Hey, your sandwiches." And you are on your way again. You are still more angry than hungry three hours later when you pull into Columbia, South Carolina. There is a Negro hotel, of course, and you locate it finally after countless inquiries in the Negro section. You can describe your room before you enter it. You recognize the rickety iron bed, the cracked pitcher and wash-basin, the dingy toilet on the next floor and the smelly clothes-closet in the corner. But worse still, the landlady has seen your New York license plates. So you know the room will cost you \$2.50. You pay the sum without comment, however, although the best white hotels in the city advertise rooms with all modern conveniences for \$1.50 up. "I know the white places only charge a dollar up," one Negro hotel owner has already told you, "but you couldn't go there for one *hundred* dollars. And besides, they can afford it. They have plenty customers all the time."

You go deeper into South Carolina.

A Bell telephone truck rips the rear fender from your car in Orangeburg, and a dozen white loungers surround you instantly. You are clearly not at fault and a white mechanic supports your contention. A traffic cop reluctantly upholds you, but the crowd sees only your license plates.

"Them niggers is from up New York," one hanger-on mutters. "Must still think they're in Harlem."

The district manager for the telephone company repeats it.

"You're smarter'n everybody else," he tells your companion. "You're a New York boy."

He stares unbelievably at your AAA card and threatens to go to court. And finally you pay half the repair bill because the white mechanic has warned you:

"Them New York plates won't help you none if he takes this thing to the law."

And a Negro acquaintance tells you you are lucky.

"If it had been over in St. Matthews," he says, "they'd have locked you up and confiscated your car to boot."

So you leave your wrecked car in a garage and buy a bus ticket for Anderson. You sit on the long back seat with an old woman and a broad-shouldered Negro youth. The machine fills rapidly with whites. The driver comes back to the rear.

"You'll have to wait for the relief bus," he tells you. "This one is all taken."

"Is this the regular bus for Anderson?" the youth asks. The driver glares at him in silence and the youth nods.

"We got our tickets; we got our seats," he says. "We ain't coming."

The driver turns without a word and leaves. He enters the bus station and comes out with the starter and another driver. The old woman grabs her bag hastily and hurries for the door. The youth looks at you steadily. "You getting off?" he asks.

You shake your head and he grins. The drivers talk heatedly, looking through your window, but the starter shakes his head. Finally they go back into the station. Your driver returns and takes his seat under the wheel. The bus pulls out for Anderson. You breathe easier.

You talk with the youth en route and find he has just completed a six-months term on the chain gang. He isn't quite sure what the charge was.

"I'm standing on this corner in Anderson," he explains, "when this white woman gets out of her car. And this cop is standing in front of me. Well, the wind blows her dress up and this cop breaks his neck getting a gander. He turns around grinning—and then he sees me. And he says, 'Nigger, what you looking at?'"

You wait for him to go on, but he only shrugs.

"That's all what happened. But it got me six months. They said I was drunk and disorderly. And I hadn't even had a Coca Cola for more'n a year."

You leave the youth in Anderson, but his desperate bitterness follows you through South Carolina, Georgia and Florida. You detect it in the mirthless smile of a crippled Klan victim in nearby Belton. His flogging was one of thirteen Negro outrages ignored by local authorities. You see it in the eyes of an elderly Negro farmer whose home had been dynamited. He had refused to let two white youths erect a still on his property. You feel it in the sullen voice of a Savannah porter. He had been slapped for failing to remove his hat as a Confederate flag passed in a recent Memorial Day parade.

And finally you detect it in yourself. One day you find yourself in a Florida pawnshop, examining a rack of pistols. The proprietor is puzzled when you suddenly laugh and walk out without making a purchase. Your sanity has returned and you have realized that a pistol is not the solution.

But you can afford to be sane. *You* will soon be back in Harlem.

TED POSTON

Washington Notes

Arms Makers' Sit-Down

THE ARMAMENT PROGRAM has given rise to a noisy quarrel. The charge that business men are sabotaging the program in their grab for unholy profits, originally made by the CIO, has been taken up by spokesmen for the War and Navy Departments and even officials of the National Defense Advisory Commission. It was the ostensible excuse for the Russell-Overton amendment to the draft bill, permitting arms factories to be taken over under improbable circumstances, and for Mr. Willkie's intensely political cries of alarm.

The greedy-business-man issue originally became acute when army and navy officers, testifying before Congress, asserted that plane manufacturers would not accept government orders under existing profit limitations. This complaint was immediately repeated by Mr. John D. Biggers, head of the vast Owens-Libby-Ford glass company, and one of the NDAC's dollar-a-year men. The Glenn L. Martin company, maker of the Martin light bomber, requires the coöperation of 536 sub-contractors, he explained, and some of these sub-contractors were uninterested in government work.

That business men are greedy may be taken for granted. But these statements of army and navy officers and Mr. Biggers are extremely curious. No more than three weeks ago, Mr. Donald E. Nelson, a dollar-a-year colleague of Mr. Biggers on the NDAC, let it be known that he had just completed a survey of the priority question—that is, the power of the government to compel a manufacturer to accept orders or else to deprive him of railroad transportation, electric light and power, fuel and raw materials. The government had ample authority under statutes dating back to the 1917-18 war, Mr. Nelson announced; but, because of the exemplary patriotism of American business, there was no likelihood that this authority would be exercised.

If it is a fact that there are wretched business men who are exposing us to conquest by the Nazi hosts, why is it that Messrs. Biggers and Nelson sit idle? Why do they not summon the miscreants to Washington and give them the works? Or, still simpler, why do they not publish their names and let them be singed by public wrath? And why, since the NDAC has the power, the Russell-Overton amendment, and why Mr. Willkie's coyote howls?

On general principles, you would suspect there was something phony here and—as nearly as I can find out—there is. As explained privately by officials within the NDAC, orders are flowing out at about the expected rate. The major difficulty so far has come in cases where new plant and machinery are required. But here the first requisite is machine tools and, almost immediately on his arrival in Washington, Mr. Knudsen set about regimenting the machine-tool industry to produce them. These machine tools are now being manufactured with as much celerity as possible. About all that can be done for another ninety days to six months is to sit and wait.

If this is so, why the present outburst against business men? It turns out to be an involved story. The remarks of the army and navy officers and Mr. Biggers were not intended to be hostile to business. Quite the contrary, they were an amateurish attempt to frighten Congress into enacting the pending amortization-and-tax bill. As experienced persons would have foreseen, the scheme instantly backfired. Congress, which is the thinnest-skinned group in the world, especially around election time, enthusiastically struck out at the arms makers.

As has been said, by government speed standards—which are not high—the armament program is proceeding satisfactorily. However, although the airplane companies and several manufacturers of “critical items” are going ahead under government “letters of intention,” it does seem likely that the program will meet difficulties if the amortization-and-tax bill is not passed within the near future. The present form of the bill shows considerable improvement. While its yield is still incredibly low for a supposed war tax, it is almost twice that originally recommended by the experts of Representative Bob Doughton's Ways and Means Committee.

An apparently unobjectionable solution of the amortization problem has also been evolved by Mr. Biggers, in close consultation with SEC Commissioner Leon Henderson. The amortization-and-tax bill simply permits tax deductions for amortization within five years; it is not precise about what is to happen to amortized factories thereafter. For many weeks, the bigwigs of the NDAC were extremely vague in discussing this question. New Dealers, especially Treasury officials, feared that the factories, at the end of the five-year intervals, would be handed over to arms manufacturers as a gift. Now, however, Messrs. Biggers and Henderson propose a model contract under which manufacturers will be required to pay a fair price for the factories if they wish to retain them—the price to be determined by a board of arbitrators headed by local federal judges. If the factories are not purchased, they will revert to the government. A possible result of this arrangement is that the government will eventually possess a nationalized munitions industry.

The main conflict of principle between the New Dealers and the NDAC so far has come over Mr. Thurman Arnold's attempt to bring an anti-trust suit against the oil industry. Mr. Stettinius, of the NDAC, is now endeavoring to persuade the oil companies to experiment with the manufacture of artificial rubber, and he and his colleagues, accordingly, have urged that the suit be postponed. This controversy has been in progress for about a month, and I regret to report that the battle seems to be turning against Mr. Arnold. The NDAC spokesmen argue that the practices of the oil companies are now no different from those of several years past, that there is no reason for haste. In fact, the general position of the industry is improved. The establishment of an honest state government in Louisiana has shut off the chief source of “hot” oil. And the Illinois pool, another important source of unregulated oil, shows signs of “peaking.” The greatest part of the industry is once again either under the control of the ICC or of state boards. All this has nothing to do with whether the oil companies constitute an illegal monopoly, but it has made the small

independents, who have great influence in Congress, much less eager to have Mr. Arnold proceed with his suit.

California primaries, in which Mr. Hiram Johnson won the senatorial nomination on both Democratic and Republican tickets, were the bitter fruits of extreme New Deal factionalism. Perhaps if Mr. Roosevelt had not persistently recognized former Senator McAdoo and Mr. George Creel as his spokesmen in California, the New Deal group might have shown more unity. As it is, Governor Olson has been badly injured, and Lieutenant-Governor Patterson and Mr. Harry Bridges have been eliminated, perhaps permanently.

Washington

T. R. B.

Other People's Money

Patriotism Backfires

THE GREAT CONSPIRACY to get the United States into the war is not turning out wholly to the satisfaction of all the New Dealers in Wall Street, on Fifth Avenue and Park Avenue and other areas where the patriots abound. We have gotten around to conscripting men—youths from 21 to 31. That of course is all right. But in the very last moment, and as if by a kind of doom-like logic, the very bill which seizes the boys is amended to seize the factories and plants and shops of our great conservative supporters of the Fifth or Sixth New Deal—whichever it is.

While the corporation lawyers and the financial-district tax experts have been fighting to keep the war from touching, by way of taxes, the profits of the wealthy, on another front, and quite without warning, the Senate voted an amendment into the draft act to enable the government to seize the producing elements of the country if the government thinks that necessary—and that in time of peace. The notion that our terrified business men can enjoy the luxury of being frightened out of their wits by Mr. Roosevelt's propaganda department and not pay for it is as naïve as anything business men have done in years. The President has been playing with fire. The conservative groups have jumped into the game with him. They have been throwing around their incendiary propaganda bombs quite freely. There is no end to that game and no limit to where the flames will spread. They have now spread to the point where not only the Senate votes to conscript wealth, but the conservative Senator Byrd votes for it and only nine Republicans vote against it.

But that is not all. The very same day the Senate discusses the proposition to have a bit of a dictatorship. And some strange utterances float upward to the gallery. Senator Josh Lee intones his belief that if the government needs newspapers for the purpose of carrying on propaganda, "why shouldn't they be permitted to take them over?" Why it should take over newspapers to carry on propaganda for war I do not know. I do not know how the newspapers, in the government's hands, could do a better job. But there is the threat. And it is by no means certain that the law passed by the Senate to conscript boys does not

also give the army and navy the right to conscript the very newspapers that were so strong for conscripting the boys. And if it doesn't, never fear; a law will come along which will.

Sympathy with the Allies when the war broke out was one of those noble luxuries to which people surrendered themselves with abandon. It was just another step to want to aid them—in some little way that wouldn't endanger us and, above all, that wouldn't cost us any money and might in fact make us a little. Operating on this emotion as a base, the propagandists of England—with millions to spend—assisted by the propagandists of this administration, have drawn us along until now our people seem ready to raise an army of 2,000,000 men, to build a two-ocean navy, to make 50,000 planes, to manufacture arms under a plan which will give work to 3,000,000 people. The only thing they seem a little fuzzy about is the collection of by-products they must accept with all this—endless billions this year and for years, crushing taxation, the slow penetration of an intensely political-minded and machine government into industry of all sorts and the drift of dictatorial powers to the executive. The notion that we can preserve all of the democratic forms to which we are devoted, that we can have all this orgy of militarism and at the same time pay nothing either in dollars or democracy for it is the most naïve that man ever toyed with.

There is an idea among Americans that Adolf Hitler appeared upon the German scene with a brand-new doctrine and a new cause, completely upset the old Germany and set up a wholly new one. Nothing could be further from the truth and anyone who nurses this illusion would do well to read Dr. Gustav Stolper's "German Economy," just published. There is the story of how, over a period of years, German economic and social mechanisms were slowly shaped toward the corporative and totalitarian model. Before the Weimar constitution came into being Germany had embarked on that combination of rationalization of industry under government supervision on our NRA pattern and the spread of social welfare measures to ease over the jolts of capitalism in trouble. But after the democratic regime came into power, all of these drifts toward nationally supervised cartelization under the name of planning and of welfare devices were carried farther, so that in reading of them one almost wonders if he is not hearing the magic tale of the New Deal being recited. At the end of that road everything was in readiness for Hitler to take over—everything save the military preparations and mechanisms. We, however, are not omitting that arrangement. When we get through with this last phase of the New Deal, we shall have added the elements of militarism, the shifts of power to the executive and the militant chauvinism, basing our economy on a war industry promoted by an aggressive foreign policy. As one Senator has said, when the moment comes, after all the machinery has been set in place, the man who has the talent and the temper to make himself a dictator will merely have to pull the trigger. Strangest of all, the interests which will be hit hardest by it, the damn-fool and forever simple-minded business interests, have fallen for the fraudulent boggy of Hitler coming here, have dropped like rabbits into a snare, have made the way clear for those policies of Roosevelt they hate worst. The bills begin to come in already.

JOHN T. FLYNN

Records: Down with High Prices

NO ONE who has had to pay out \$14 for a favorite recording of the *Eroica* will need to be told that the recent 25 to 50 percent slash in the price of Columbia and Victor records is a good thing. It is a good thing for the individual who can now buy more and better records for less money than previously, and inasmuch as the cuts have been based on the expectation of a greatly expanded market, a good thing for the country too.

The reduction in prices has been accompanied by a considerable shuffling of artists and musical organizations. Having come into the domestic field with the Chicago, Cleveland and Minneapolis orchestras this year, Columbia has now added the New York Philharmonic under Barbirolli, the new American Youth Orchestra under Stokowski, the Pittsburgh Orchestra and the matchless Budapest Quartet. Bowing to union pressure against the only remaining non-union major orchestra in this country, Victor has not renewed its contract with the Boston Symphony. There are still sufficient Boston recordings on hand to keep Koussevitsky's name on Victor release lists for some time to come, but no more recordings will be made. If Mr. James C. Petrillo, the \$46,000-a-year president of the American Federation of Musicians, has his way, the finest orchestra in the United States will find itself locked up firmly in its own auditoriums in Boston and Lenox after this season. The fact that it pays its players an average annual wage higher than any other orchestra in the country (and likewise earns a larger proportion of its budget) is of no consequence. "If they're musicians," Mr. Petrillo recently announced with that same air of finality which characterized his ukase banning the mere mention of the name John L. Lewis on any Chicago stage, "they belong to me."

Victor's cut in record prices will probably lessen the attractiveness of the Black Seal classic series, which now sell at prices only twenty-five cents lower than the Red Seal series, per twelve-inch record, whereas the spread used to be seventy-five cents and \$1. These Black Seals consist largely of works recorded some time ago, some of them having been released before, and some not. Five albums heard vary in quality. DeGreef's playing of the Grieg Piano Concerto with the late Sir Landon Ronald and the Royal Philharmonic (G-6, 8 sides; \$3.25) sounds as old and pinched as the blare from your Uncle Walter's crank-winding set twenty years ago. Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, with Panizza and the La Scala Orchestra (G-8, 8 sides; \$3.25) is sharp and fairly clear in tone, but lacking in depth. Debussy's *Iberia*, as played back in 1936 by Coppola and the Paris Conservatory Orchestra (G-10, 6 sides; \$2.50) is somewhat better. The performance of Wagner's *Siegfried Idyll* by Bruno Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic (G-12, 6 sides; \$2.50) is recorded well enough, but the tone of the violins is poor, and we shall probably never know what prompted Victor to throw in a Wagner one-record overture called *The Fairies*.

One of the best Black Seal classic sets I've heard is a twelve-year-old recording of Richard Strauss's *Death and Transfiguration* by Coates and the London Philharmonic (G-11, 6 sides; \$2.50). Coates even then had a positive genius for making Richard Strauss sound like something,

and here he brings out with great force and depth the architectural tonal masses that composer was so fond of building in his grander moments.

Among recent recordings of contemporary music, Aaron Copland's *Two Pieces for String Quartet* (Columbia 70092-D, 2 sides; \$1) should rank fairly high. Included is a *Lento molto*, straightforward in design and meditative in mood which, although well able to stand on its own feet, sounds as though it would be even better with more strings; and a skipping *Rondino*, as carefully worked out, but not quite so effective. It is good honest writing, and the specialists in modern music who comprise the Dorian String Quartet play it with capable precision and assurance—particularly in the *Lento*, where their firm, round sustained tones add strength and beauty to the music.

Ernest Krenek, who abandoned Austria for Vassar some years ago, says he wrote the *Eleven Short Piano Pieces* from his Opus 83 to afford piano students a few needed exercises in the twelve-tone technique, and that such titles as *Streamliner*, *Glass Figures* and so on were tacked on as an afterthought. Columbia's album (X-171, 4 ten-inch sides; \$2) featuring these little pieces at the hands of their creator is, therefore, something of a poser. As exercises they are probably tops; certainly they are difficult. As descriptive music, some of them (*A Boat, Slowly Sailing*; *Bells in the Fog*; *Sailboat Reflected in the Pond*) strike the mood. Some others, notably *On the Mountains* and *Walking on a Stormy Day*, seem to bear no relation whatever to their titles. As music for music's sake, most people will find these pieces puzzling and extremely dissonant, although it is a peculiarity of the piano that a chord which puckers your face like a sour lemon when it is struck, often mellows into something quite beautiful as it fades away. Krenek makes a great deal of this, producing a wide variety of piano tones and unorthodox modulations on these two records. But you will have to listen hard for these subtle shadings, because the recording is not all it might be.

Still, there is more originality and interest in the Krenek album than in the *Cipressi* of Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco as it is played by the composer on a single Victor record (16449; \$1). This is not to say that Castelnuovo-Tedesco's impressionistic remembrance of the cypresses of Usigliano di Sari is not pleasing to the ears nor that it is not well played. It opens, as it closes, on somber brooding chords and passes through a succession of elaborately mapped figures enhanced by clever and sustained pedal work. But my thoughts on it have become somewhat clouded by his insistence on one obvious theme and by the uneasy feeling that I have been here with someone before. With Cyril Scott? Debussy?

Alcina Suite, by Handel. Felix Weingartner and the Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire, Paris (Columbia X-164, 4 sides; \$2.50). Background music for the good and bad dreams and ballets in one of Handel's many and well forgotten operas. It is not distinguished music and not Handel at his best, but it is fairly well played by the strings and flutes of the conservatory orchestra (which is more in tune without than with the rest of its winds), and after the ice is broken it makes pleasant listening. Put it on about once a month.

—STANLEY FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

When a vicar is inducted to his parish he has to toll the church bell as part of the ceremony. Defense regulations, however, forbid the tolling of bells except for emergencies, so when Rev. G. Hutchinson was inducted as vicar of Alton he pulled the rope lightly, without sounding the bell, and at the same time struck a dinner gong. — *C.P. dispatch in The Winnipeg Free Press.*

Witty Phrases a Social Aid. From the very first second, you charm with your clever repartee, gay conversation. To his "what bright eyes you have" you reply, "The better to see you with, my dear." And lightly you ripple on, speak of the "artful, witching moon," the "garden of enchantment" around you. You greet your hostess charmingly with "It was so sweet of you to ask me." You tell the friend who's done you a favor, "I'll never forget your kindness."

And in your more weighty moments, what a help expressive word combinations can be. Giving a book review at your club, you speak of the author's "graphic descriptions." Send 15c in coins for our booklet, "1,500 Useful Phrases." — *A Home Institute item in The Washington Post.*

In deference to a troubled world, the new evening dresses cover you up. — *Caption on a fashion page in Harper's Bazaar.*

Stet

The Kroll opera house was a sea of brown uniforms sprinkled with the field-gray of the army. Count Ciano, the Italian foreign minister, arrived fifteen minutes before Hitler and was given a seat of horror in the diplomatic box opposite the Führer. — *News item printed in The Moline, Illinois, Dispatch.*

But Over the Fence Is Out

Prisoners may develop any one of the numerous psychoses listed by the American Psychiatric Association. — *From "Problems in Prison Psychiatry," by J. G. Wilson and M. J. Pescor.*

No Jury Would Convict

Dog Bites Woman with Tail in Motor. — *Headline of news item as printed in The Portland, Oregon, Journal.*

Hell, Ma, I Can't Dance

English Wallflowers Are Used for Charming Bedding Effects. — *Headline appearing in The New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Elephants on Main Street

SIR: New Republic editors Carlton Brown and Otis Ferguson, who caught the Greatest Show on Earth in Madison Square Garden and Worcester, may like to know it's still packing them in, out here on the plains now. Yesterday the Ringling-Barnum-Bailey showed all it had in a one-day pitch in Norfolk, Nebraska (population 10,000), coming down from Yankton and going on to Grand Island today.

Before daybreak under a big harvest moon still up high, first of the four silver trains came in with noise you could hear all over town. As soon as circus men, tougher than hell, began appearing all around and elephants began pulling animal cages down off the cars, kids without their breakfasts were crowding in so close the big man with leather boots and whip had to keep moving them back when they put out hands to feel elephant-hide, kids amazed to see elephants' eyelashes right there. For some this was the first big circus: only smaller shows have come here for over five years when there wasn't enough crop-rain to make the farmers feel like putting down the cash to look at zebras and pink tights.

Yesterday afternoon, though, the big tent was jam-packed with people from all down the Elkhorn Valley and beyond, over 16,000 of them there at once to see what there was to see: Alfred Court's caramel-velvet lions, clowns coming hilariously and endlessly, more and still more, out of the red coupé; the Flying Concellos whirling way up there.

It was worth leaving the chores for. But nobody wanted to leave the chores for too long: only half the 16,000 came for the night performance, and before the show got very far along big sections of seats were taken down and put back on the trains. The big afternoon crowd was already home again, talking it over.

It was even worth waiting a good many years for; and families who came in from Plainview, Platte Center, Ponca, got their money's worth, saw as a relief from movies a big-time show from Madison Square Garden, forgot erosion, drought, grasshoppers, horse-colic, mortgages, even what seems imminent upheaval of a familiar world for the too-brief length of an August afternoon.

Norfolk, Neb.

MAURICE O. JOHNSON

For Theirs Is the United Kingdom

SIR: It seems strange to find The New Republic becoming full-throated about the transfer of English children to America, very much in the manner of The New York Times. For it still is incumbent upon a liberal journal to remain realistic, even though it has every right to be pro-British. Does The New Republic hesitate to ask the all-important question of whether Germany will give assurance of safe conduct because it knows that Germany will and must refuse to do this?

Certainly the facts are plain enough. In every siege known to history the children, as well as the women and the old and decrepit, have been part of the problem of the besieged. They will be influenced to surrender in proportion as the sufferings of these innocent parties become unbearable to them. Why should England be an exception? Germany has the right to answer that it also has children who are exposed to starvation and bombing, for they also are being besieged. Would the British Admiralty for a moment consider giving safe conduct to German ships laden with children bound for South America or the United States where large groups of German descent would be equally willing to give them shelter for the same humanitarian reasons? Would not such a proposal have been laughed to scorn in 1917?

May I recommend that The New Republic return to realism by carefully reading the letter of Professor Arthur L. Goodhart of Oxford in The New York Times of August 9? Professor Goodhart states categorically, "It is one of the many tragedies of war that in a beleaguered city the weak must suffer as well as the strong." And he was writing from England, where it is much harder to be realistic than in a New York editorial office.

It seems to me that The New Republic can defend its position only if it is willing to go the whole hog. Let it, when Germany refuses, inflame its readers by calling this another proof of Germany's penchant for atrocities. That would, of course, be palpably dishonest, something which The New Republic has hitherto tried to avoid.

New York City

ALFRED B. KUTTNER

Flynn Without Tears

SIR: As a liberal magazine which believes in democracy, can't you let your readers draw their own conclusions from the remarks of Mr. John Flynn, without warning them before and after reading that he's poison? Personally I think that Mr. Flynn's attitude toward South America is much more realistic than anything so far expressed by the editors—but I'm not quarreling with you on that basis. A magazine of the intellectual standard of The New Republic is supposed to present varying viewpoints—without apology.

How about a clear statement on conscription?
Burbank, Calif.

JEAN CAMPBELL

SIR: John T. Flynn may be interested to know that he has made the Republican Club. In the lobby of the clubhouse in West Fortieth Street, there is a stack of reprints of The New York Times review of "Country Squire in the White House," copy enclosed.

New York City

RAY HANNA

SIR: In his review of "Country Squire in the White House" Hamilton Basso makes one mistake. He refers to John T. Flynn's indignation. He means indigestion. Flynn has stomach ulcers. Nothing agrees with him.

Winnipeg, Canada

R. D. COLQUETTE

Sanctuary No More

SIR: A couple of years ago, when I first came over here, I picked up a big brass knocker for my front door. I got it in Shakespeare's Stratford, and it is a copy of the famous "Sanctuary Ring" of the Middle Ages. A victim in fear of his enemies need only find the door of a cathedral or a monastery bearing such a ring, he need only cling to it, shouting "Sanctuary!" and he was safe. No one could touch him. I thought it would be a pretty fancy to have such a ring on the door of my stone cottage in Scotland. I wanted it to be that sort of a house. And I was glad to have the chance, three months ago, of offering just that sort of hospitality to a young Austrian, an ex-International Brigader, who after two grueling years in Spain, fighting for freedom, and six terrible months in a French concentration camp, needed rest and good food and fellowship and safety. Last Sunday morning there was a knock on my door. There was a uniformed police officer outside with the word that our Karl, like all Austrians and Germans in Britain, must pack and be taken to another concentration camp somewhere in Scotland.

It was not unkindly done—our village sergeant of police is a good friend and a human being. And we understand that they will be well enough treated. But it will be long before I shall forget the look on Karl's face or his voice when the kindly sergeant said, "Ye'll hae enow tae eat an' ye won't be hurrt..."

and Karl replied dully, "It's not that. I could starve. . . ." And he shook hands with us very hard and went down the path between the blowing tulips, walking like a blind man—and the young spring sunshine made a brassy mockery of our sanctuary ring.

All the Austrians and Germans—so many of them refugees from Hitler Germany, former underground workers against Hitler, fighters, like Karl, against German troops in Spain, doctors and students and scientists! And the general public so war-frightened that there is very little protest. And the fascists in high places (you know their names as well as I do), most of them untouched.

And if you say, "That is understandable in wartime," I agree with you. So is it understandable that there should be a curfew imposed on all aliens—including Americans. The sixty or so American medical students in Edinburgh University must be indoors after eight o'clock at night, and so must all Czechs and Danes. Democracy—that fine thing President Roosevelt was talking about—that democracy *dies* with the coming of war. It is the first casualty, and Americans must face that fact squarely. Democracy and education, slum clearance and the social services—these things can't survive if war comes. It is ironic to be fighting a war "against Hitlerism" and to see it steadily creeping over every phase of one's life.

Currie, Midlothian, Scotland

CHRISTINE H. STURGEON

Pack All Troubles in Your Pocket Books

SIR: Milton G. Lehman's report on Pocket Books [July 22] is timely news of an important experiment which the whole trade wishes well.

But the whole implication of his article is that Mr. deGraff is doing at twenty-five cents what is usually done at \$2.50. This is nonsense. His twenty-five-cent books correspond to the seventy-five-cent and \$1 reprints which have been an important part of the publishing picture for years. They bear a marked resemblance to the reprints which Sherman Mittell's Home Library Foundation has offered at fifteen cents in paper, and twenty-five cents in cloth.

Let anyone setting out to discuss book prices keep carefully clear in his own mind the difference between reprints and new books (and let him PLEASE remember that the discussion will in any case inevitably apply only to \$2.50 novels which, few seem to remember, are only a small corner of the publishing picture and will never save the world one way or another).

Mr. Lehman points to Tauchnitz and Penguin books, as have many others before him. But the Tauchnitz books were the result of unusual conditions under which the author received very little, were also, of course, reprints, and as such weren't particularly cheap anyhow. The Penguin books, which he refers to as if they were mostly new books, are, of course, basically reprints. They started as reprints, and built a market for themselves as

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reprints, and only occasionally have slid in a new book, usually on a burning political question.

Considering the extent of free libraries and rental libraries (what other industry ever faced such competition?) it is hard to get really worked up over the plight of the reader who thinks he can't afford to own the latest fashionable novel. What of it?

These words are not intended in any way to belittle what has been accomplished with Pocket Books. But is it relevant to point out that the success of Pocket Books has been achieved under fair-trade conditions, *i.e.*, in a year when the big department stores are not making footfalls of book prices? For thirty years every effort of the book trade to gain really wide distribution of books has been hampered by the fact that the big chains simply wouldn't handle merchandise that the department stores were going to price-cut. When the fair-trade laws were finally passed to correct this, consumers set up a dreadful howl, but the trade predicted that fair trade would make possible lower prices. Perhaps Pocket Books are the fulfilment of this promise. The only other low-price experiment which has succeeded on a big scale is the ten-cent book Woolworth handles—and these books have always been 100-percent price-protected by Woolworth policy.

New York City

DANIEL MELCHER

[We thought that Mr. Lehman had made it sufficiently clear at the beginning of his article that he was talking about reprints only. Good new books at twenty-five cents, under present conditions, would be impossible. — THE EDITORS]

Is There a Führer in the Senate?

SIR: That was a very well done investigation of the would-be Men-on-Horseback in your August 12 issue: "Is There a Führer in the House?" Is there a Führer in the Senate? There is some evidence well known to all which would prompt an affirmative reply to that, with the nod going to the Gentleman from North Carolina. Then there is some evidence not well known to all.

Senator Reynolds early last year began an organization which he called "The Vindicators." He built up a membership and published an organ. He was for Americanism, he kept on saying. Yet in a letter to me, his secretary said that "there are absolutely no Jews attached to membership in the Vindicators."

I have often wondered if it could have been only a coincidence that the ace Jew-baiter, George Deatherage, has distributed (with the franking privilege) the speeches of the North Carolina Senator. I, personally, saw a United States mailbag containing 1,000 of these speeches in Mr. Deatherage's office in April of last year. They were good ammunition, and they were going out in every mail to the members of Deatherage's admittedly fascist organization, the Knights of the White Camellia and the American Nationalist Confederation. Heading the platform of the latter are these words, "The American Nationalist Confederation, a Fascist Party."

Such evidence of coöperation, of course, is but fragmentary and inconclusive; but it is enough to make one suspicious.

Wichita, Kansas

ED CURRY

That's Different

SIR: I notice that many of our patriotic industrialists are declining to enter into contracts with the government for the manufacture of ordnance until allowances for amortization of plant expansion are liberalized in the federal tax structure. Their reticence is understandable; probably justified.

But one need not speculate long to arrive at what the consequences would be if a WPA worker, upon being offered private employment in a growing war industry, refused such work until he received guarantees that he would be promptly reinstated on the WPA if the war boom collapsed prematurely.

Phillips, Wis.

LIONEL DE BARDELEBEN

Goodbye, Please

SIR: I desire to protest the publication of any further matter from Mr. O. G. Villard. For several years he has shown himself mired in the past and irresponsible to the present. Roosevelt's "weakness" in not preparing our country for the present crisis is due, in considerable measure, to the influence of Villard and his associates who persistently fought war preparation. I consider him more of a menace than a help.

Seattle, Wash.

C. E. REMSBERG

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Samuel H. Lewis of Detroit says he too deplores the use of clubs and guns in handling workers, but goes on to say that people too often forget the relevant distinction of whether such coercion took place in the open street or on company property—in which case it might "be looked upon in the light of self-protection." This in connection with the Ford Motor Company activities in Dallas. . . . Protests against Stanley Hyman's New Republic prize-contest piece, "The Lonely Eagle" (August 19), come from M. Wheeler, Harriet Ray and Joe Illegible, all from Berkeley, California, and from Walter B. Cannon, of North Hollywood. C. S., of Washington, D. C., says it's high time we had an article of that nature, and that the young feller can write.

Oswald Villard sends us a Western Union day letter from Watertown, Connecticut, to approve Wendell Willkie's proposal for a unified defense program as "the most constructive preparedness move yet made." He says this microphone move proves how wrong we are if we think, as we do, that Willkie won't actually prepare this country any more than any other speechmaker has or will. . . . Bedford Thurman writes from Roanoke Island, North Carolina, where he has been working in Paul Green's "The Lost Colony," to inform us that middle-class Democrats in the South are going over to the Willkie idea, simply to get away from a New Deal which at least pretends to stick up for little people. The middle-class South, he says, is solidly hell on little people, even if it means voting Republican.

Our correspondent from up around Portland, Maine, reports that it will be a relief to get back to the States. As far as you can tell from natives and summer visitors alike up there, there hasn't been a major war since the Indians were chased out, but politics is going great guns, with Willkie the white hope of bringing Maine back into the Union and two radios in every trapper's camp, to catch his speeches. Conversation is strictly Wendell and the weather, which is reported recently to have frozen solid all three brass monkeys of the original hear-no-see-no-speak-no-evil series; but what can you expect with a man like that in the White House kicking the chickens out of every pot?

Second-Class Letter Box.—The Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion will meet in New York City September 9, 10, 11, to determine how scientists, philosophers and religious leaders may better get together for democracy.

Student Caravans for America is trying to get money and support for a return engagement in the state of Vermont, where (town of Bristol) the local types broke up a puppet show and wrecked its \$400 worth of equipment because of cracks made in some of the skits at Roosevelt's war policy and the conscription bill. The Caravan wishes to prove it is neither un-American nor communistic for young people to have an idea of their own whom they're going to fight and when. Address 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City. . . . The League of American Writers (same address) is in need of immediate help in its work of getting anti-Nazi artists out of Europe. The Exiled Writers' Committee of the League had just got news at the time of writing that three more writers had committed suicide—which is their only way of escape these days.

Books in Review

Shipwreck

LEWIS MUMFORD's new book¹ is another tract against the times. Like Waldo Frank's "Chart for Rough Water" and T. S. Eliot's "Idea of a Christian Society," it leaves the reader with curiously mixed feelings. It has the virtue of forthrightly saying that our civilization is sick and may not recover. In this respect, "Faith for Living" is immensely superior to anything written by the men who keep repeating that there is no danger whatsoever, that the patient suffers from nothing but nightmares about Hitler, that no remedy is needed except faith and aspirin, no, absolutely nothing else—till suddenly we realize that the doctors themselves are hysterical and are trying to hide their fears. Mr. Mumford is brave enough to admit his fears, which I think are wholly justified. On the other hand, his book has the fault of proposing remedies so drastic that they would be likely to kill the patient, if ever he could be persuaded to take them.

But first comes the doctor's diagnosis. Mr. Mumford believes that the disease from which our world now suffers is spiritual rather than economic. Taking Marx by the heels and turning him upside down, he says that economics and politics are a mere superstructure and that society is really based on moral values. Democratic societies have allowed these values to be lost or perverted; that is the underlying cause of their military defeats. Fascism, on the other hand, "is a diabolical religion, a religion of Yahoos; that needs no demonstration today. But still it is a religion"; and therefore it is able to create a spirit of unity and sacrifice lacking in the democratic countries. Their survival, Mr. Mumford says, depends chiefly on the answer to one question: "Is there religion enough left in the mass of humanity to counteract the negative and diabolical religion that has swept to victory as fascism?"

About half his book is devoted to a search for this positive religion of humanity. He does not find it among the pragmatic liberals, who he thinks have been utterly corrupted by optimism and materialism. Neither does he find it among the institutionalized Christian churches, which are lacking in courage and universality. He sees promise, however, in what he calls "ideal liberalism," a group of doctrines that we owe to the Greeks; and he sees still more promise in the spirit of Christianity as opposed to the churches. Our own time of troubles might lead, he thinks, to a blending together of these two currents into a new democratic and universal faith. Moreover, the crisis itself has created the possibility of a large-scale conversion—"deep-seated, organic, religious in essence, so that no part of political or personal existence will be untouched by it." The results of such a conversion are discussed in the last three sections of his book.

It is here that Mr. Mumford's argument becomes not only dubious but dangerous. Having found the faith for

which he was seeking, he is ready to abandon almost everything else. He compares our civilization to a foundering vessel that cannot be saved unless its whole cargo of inessentials is thrown overboard. That may be true enough; but Mr. Mumford has a pretty far-reaching idea of what is inessential to a ship of state.

Let me mention just a few of the democratic rights that he wants to jettison. Free speech would go first of all. Mr. Mumford proposes a National Board of Censorship charged with the duty of keeping pro-fascist speakers off the air and pro-fascist magazines out of the mails. From a reference on page 40, I assume that it would also be charged with suppressing plays like "Tobacco Road" and "Of Mice and Men," which "spread defilement." Freedom of political organization would have to disappear, since all active leaders of fascist groups, including both Nazis and Communists, would be immediately clapped into jail or sent into exile. "Democracy must be prepared," he says, "to play the human game with the same ruthless consistency that fascism plays the anti-human game." Behind this patriotic vista, one can see the barbed wire of concentration camps.

But these are only the first of Mr. Mumford's measures. Every boy and girl in the country, on nearing military age, would spend at least a year in a labor army. Men of the middle classes would be exhorted to work with their hands for an hour or more each day. Women would devote more time to cooking and having babies, less time to stenography and "frivolous occupations." Factory owners "must take over the classic tradition of the professional classes: public service and public responsibility," while surrendering part of their incomes. Labor unions will thereupon surrender the right to strike. The population as a whole must abandon the economy of comfort for a new economy of sacrifice. "The only abundance that our skill with machines will create will be an abundance of weapons, munitions, tanks, airplanes, warships." And these will not be intended solely for defense. "We need an overwhelming force, ready to strike on behalf of liberty and democracy and justice with overwhelming audacity: ready, like the armies of Napoleon, to impose liberty and democracy if need be rather than to see them perish utterly from the earth."

Dr. Goebbels often talks in the same vein, using almost the same words. That of course is no answer to Mr. Mumford's arguments; nor do I wish to answer them all. There is courage and good sense in much of what he says, if only he would forget his spread-eagle oratory. The fact might as well be faced that if we are going to defend American democracy against Hitler, we shall have to borrow some of Hitler's methods, those which make it possible for his country to act rapidly and unitedly, on carefully laid plans. So far I should be willing to go with Mr. Mumford, and it is a long way. The trouble with his prescription for defending the spirit of democracy is that it means losing the substance of democracy. He wants to save the foundering vessel by throwing overboard not only the cargo but the compass, the wireless set, most of the passengers with their

¹Faith for Living, by Lewis Mumford. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 342 pages. \$2.

baggage and half the crew—till at last you wonder whether the vessel can ever be brought to port.

Let us imagine a meeting that will never take place. Let us imagine a German diplomat discussing the book with Mr. Mumford. "It speaks harshly of my Leader," the German might say, "but I was not very angry because it pays him the compliment of borrowing many of his ideas. There are, however, three mistakes in 'Faith for Living' that I hope you will permit me to mention quite dispassionately. In the first place, it is written for the intellectuals, whereas if you really wish to effect a large-scale conversion you must hold meetings for the great public that does not read books. In the second place, you must supply that public not only with logical arguments but also with a whole mythology, with heroes to love and a single enemy to hate. In the third place—and this is most important—you will have to find a prophet for your new religion, a dreamer who is also a man of action, in other words, a Hitler."

MALCOLM COWLEY

Strasser Bearing Gifts

Hitler and I, by Otto Strasser. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 249 pages. \$2.50.

Nemesis? by Douglas Reed. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 275 pages. \$2.75.

OTTO STRASSER is a brother of the Führer's first lieutenant, Gregor Strasser; he was a member of the Nazi Party from 1925 to 1930, contributed regularly to the *Völkischer Beobachter* and edited Nazi periodicals in northern Germany. After his break with Hitler, he tried to establish contacts with junior leaders of the powerful trade unions. In this period he adopted Socialist and even pacifist views. He also came to Paris, where he was shown around mysteriously by young Frenchmen who were discontented with the existing political parties and attracted by a syndicalist version of totalitarian ideas. In both Germany and in France, he was distrusted by the democrats and yet made a certain impression on them. They regarded the younger Strasser as a former Nazi, once close to Hitler, who seemed to think and speak as a Socialist and a European with pro-French and pro-British leanings, somewhat lyrical, somewhat romantic, somewhat confused and exuberant, but a likable German and a man of apparent culture.

At the outbreak of the war, Strasser, then in Switzerland, immediately offered the help of his "Black Front" in Germany to the French Republic, some of whose officials had high hopes of it.

In Paris he set to writing the autobiographical book that has now been translated as "Hitler and I." After the French collapse he managed to escape to Portugal, and he is planning to go to Brazil. "Nemesis?" is a book on Strasser by his admirer Douglas Reed, who sees in him a possible instrument of vengeance on the Nazis. It adds little to the autobiography, which is the book to be read by anyone who wants to know about Otto Strasser.

In reading Strasser's report of the final discussion which he had with Hitler, one finds that the difference between them was more in "spirit" than in concrete politics. Strasser

complained that fascism had not solved the problem of labor and capital. "Herr Strasser," Hitler replied, exasperated by his follower's superior-sounding objections, "there is only one economic system, and that is responsibility and authority on the part of directors and executives."—"Yes," answered Strasser, "but the spirit of labor depends on the regime under which it lives." Hitler's final answer was in line with his present policy: "That is no reason for granting the workers the right to be consulted. A strong state will see that production is carried on in the national interests, and, if these interests are contravened, can proceed to expropriate the enterprise concerned. . . . The right to exercise influence on private enterprise should be conceded only to the state." Strasser's rather involved report of an allegedly very long and intricate discussion leaves the critical reader under the impression that, of the two men, Adolf Hitler is by far the more logical and forthright.

Strasser's idealism, which Mr. Reed and his hero stress again and again, does not seem to have impressed Dr. Rauschning, former Chancellor Bruening and other leaders of the German emigration, who have carefully kept from associating with him. Today Strasser is posing as a champion of social justice and peace. According to him, these were also the true objectives of his older brother Gregor, executed by Hitler in the blood purge of 1934. But the younger Strasser cannot get around the fact that he was for five years a militant member of the Nazi Party, and that his brother Gregor was for more than thirteen years one of its most violent, vulgar and effective agitators. Even if Otto Strasser is a sincere anti-Nazi today, not all his supporters can be trusted. One of the most influential, Captain Stennes, a famous terrorist who used to be head of the Berlin storm troopers, recently came to this country on a German diplomatic passport.

Strasser's own story is worth reading as a valuable contribution to the history of the Nazi Party and to the psychology of Hitler. It is by no means objective, nor is it unique in its description of the dangers and difficulties of a German exile. His tribulations were no greater than those suffered by hundreds of others—with the one notable difference of never being quite penniless. Mr. Reed says in "Nemesis?" that Strasser's funds were provided by his powerful sponsors inside Germany, especially by men in army circles. This may be true, but it is also true that Strasser's headquarters in Copenhagen, where his weekly *Die Schwarze Front* was issued, were in continuous contact with the late blond, burly, balalaika-playing Volodya Fisher of the foreign division of the GPU, a member of the Communist Party, the only party with which Otto Strasser now pretends never to have had any contact. Nothing can be held against anti-fascists for having collaborated with the Soviet Union during the days when the Bolsheviks were fighting Hitler, but the fact that this episode is kept in the background confuses our picture of Strasser's political character. Always he claims to have acted with high and unchanging motives. In the end he makes us think of the judgment passed by Gibbon on John Cantacuzene and his friends: "Their motives are always pure; their ends always legitimate: they conspire and rebel without any views of interest; and the violence which they inflict or suffer is celebrated as the spontaneous effect of reason and virtue."

PAUL WOHL

The Tragic Formula

Greek Tragedy: A Literary Study, by H. D. F. Kitto. London: Methuen and Company. 410 pages. 15 shillings. *Aeschylus: The Creator of Tragedy*, by Gilbert Murray. New York: Oxford University Press. 242 pages. \$3.

ANYONE INTERESTED in the subject of Greek tragedy has grown sadly accustomed to the formula by which books on the subject have been written within the last fifty years. There is a chronological enumeration of the three great poets, a study of their technique, which, oddly, always divides neatly leaving Aeschylus and Euripides with the extremes, and a complacent Sophocles holding the blessed middle, some vacuous generalizations to the effect that Aeschylus is "austere," "prophetic," "Hebraic"; Euripides "daring," "modern," "critical," and Sophocles (oddly) "calm" and "well balanced." So empty have been these books—and they have been many—that one has fallen back with something like satisfaction on a seventeenth-century critic like Dryden, who criticized the Greek theatre on the basis of a jumble of rules taken from Aristotle and Horace, and a confusion of the Greek plays and Seneca's tragedies. Yet out of the confusion emerged, at least, a consciously felt critical standard, and allowing for its inapplicability in many cases, a standard which provoked the critics to bring out certain vital aspects of the works criticized. But in the books on Greek tragedy by nineteenth-century critics and, for the most part, by their twentieth-century successors, there has been neither a standard of criticism, thoughtfully conceived and consciously applied, nor any intuitive insight into the plays as such.

That is why one has reason to be so grateful to Mr. Kitto. This is a study remarkable for the breadth of its treatment and the complete absence of vague generalizations. The chapters covering in general the work of each of the dramatists are more than adequately balanced by a series of individual analyses of the plays. Nor are the analyses mere badly written synopses of the plays themselves—as, for instance, they are in Pohlenz's "Griechische Tragoedie," which has nearly twice as many pages as the present work—they are sketches designed to bring out the leading dramatic ideas and the main dramaturgical devices which Mr. Kitto regards as most important.

The book divides the dramatists according to the conception of tragedy that informs the plays. The central thesis in this, the most interesting part of the work, is that the tragedy in Aeschylus is an abstract tragedy, a tragic conflict between moral principles seen in the case of certain human beings. In Sophocles the conflict in moral principles is embodied in the one man—hence the Aristotelian theory of hamartia—while in Euripides you get a preoccupation with the problem in relation to society, or a development of the interest in character which is "frankly perverse." It is a pity to boil down the author's very subtle and eloquent statements into this bald and oversimplified form, but this is the most important thing the book says, it is a very important thing, and no one that I know of has said it so well or so clearly before.

Professor Murray considers Aeschylus under three aspects: as the innovator in the tragic form (a subject which

leads to a discussion of the myth before Aeschylus turned it into a play); as the stage craftsman; as the poet of ideas. The suggestions in the first two divisions are interesting and ingenious but the nature of the subject is such that nothing decisive can be said on most of the questions raised. We know so little about the myth before Aeschylus twists and shapes it that Mr. Murray's explanations of the poet's contribution to his original fall rather flat. For instance, he tells the story that Hesiod gives about Prometheus, says that it is "trivial and unimpressive" and in the light of a brief synopsis of the Prometheus of Aeschylus concludes that the latter poet gave it "semnotes" (majesty). Yes, if you like; but might we not ask whether it was not only the natural transformation from the folk tale, which Hesiod's version is, to the drama—especially since we have no other dramatic treatments of the myth with which to compare it? And in that case how significant or interesting is it to comment on this as a main feature of Aeschylus' craftsmanship?

But it is in respect to its treatment of Aeschylus as a poet of ideas and the dramatist's form of the idea, that the book seems least satisfactory. It says, "In the Oresteia for the first time Aeschylus creates the drama of plot and action as contrasted with the mere impassioned contemplation of a situation which belonged to the original molpe of the tragic chorus." This apparently means that Aeschylus moves from a primitive kind of static drama to a type nearer the theatre of Sophocles. It is undeniable that there is a development of technique in the plays of Aeschylus, but at the end of the development as at the beginning there is an essentially different kind of drama from that of Sophocles, one in which the myth is significant on different levels of the action. In the Prometheus, for instance, Prometheus is Intelligence as opposed to Force, Friend of Man against Enemy of Man, Rebel against Tyrant, Prometheus against Zeus. Thus the myth is like a stone thrown into a pool; the circles radiate from the spot where the stone falls until they reach the confines of the pool. In such a drama—at least in the Oresteia, which is the only complete trilogy we have—the three plays represent three clearly conceived stages, the first setting forth the situation, wheel within wheel, the second answering the first without introducing any new psychological complication. It is in fact a riposte to the first on the level of action. The third deals with the solution of the general problem which lies at the heart of the particular instance of the first play. This is, beyond doubt, the design of the Oresteia. If one accepts the Prometheus as the first play of a trilogy, it seems, in the light of the fragments and the few relevant later treatments, that a similar design can be worked out. The point of all this is to show that we do not have in Aeschylus (as Mr. Murray thinks) a transition from a less dramatic to a more dramatic kind of play, interpreting dramatic in the Sophoclean-Aristotelian sense, but a different thing altogether, in which certain parts of the trilogy are necessarily more static than others, while the action is peculiarly bare in a way that it never is in Sophocles. It is possible that I have misunderstood Professor Murray in this. The book is by no means clear in many of its most important statements of approach, and the author cannot be acquitted of a certain fuzziness of intention and flimsiness of execution throughout. This is set in high relief by the lucid and penetrating analysis of Aeschylus in Mr. Kitto's work.

DAVID GRENE

The Old School Tie

The Wrong Attitude: A Bad Boy at a Good School, by Chanler A. Chapman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 153 pages. \$1.50.

CHANLER CHAPMAN in "The Wrong Attitude," a sketch of his career at St. Paul's, contributes an engaging if not too remarkable addition to the small body of readable books on life in a boarding school. It is not another "Tom Brown's School Days" or "Stalky and Co.," but neither—God be thanked—is it another "Goodbye, Mr. Chips." As his title indicates, Chapman's record at Concord was not exactly of the best. Although he failed to emulate his fabulous father, John Jay Chapman, who was dismissed from the same school because "without any warning to the rest of the team, he knelt and prayed in front of the wicket on the cricket field," still the son managed in a more restrained way to irritate the authorities beyond that maximum fatalistically expected by those who deal with the young. Discreet yet ruthless baiting of a master; forbidden possession of firearms; blatant infraction of ROTC regulations; indulgence in "professional" athletics; questionable financial dealings; and a continuously annoying series of minor infractions, all won for him that ultimate scholastic condemnation, "The Wrong Attitude." Chapman relates these sins of his youth with commendable sincerity. When recapturing the past, honesty may not always be the best policy; but it usually makes for the best reading. And "The Wrong Attitude," within its own consciously prescribed limits, is an honest book.

But unfortunately Chapman has chosen to fix those limits in such a manner as to exclude mention of much that is important in preparatory-school education. There is nothing here about those other non-scholastic entrance requirements: birth, social position and money ("but the greatest of these is money"). He does not discuss the morbidity of character which motivates that revered psychopath, the Headmaster, and his dependent schizophrenes, the Faculty. Claptrap of foreign tradition—prefects, blazers, forms, afternoon tea—and the incense-heavy atmosphere of ritual without reason get no criticism from him. And, most curious omission, he has little to say of the common life of the boys, the life at once of the barracks and the palace, of the secret society and the summer resort. Nor is there sufficient reference to those highly charged emotional currents which electrify this monasticism of adolescence, casting a peculiar radiance upon sports, hazing studies, bridge games, cheering, practical jokes, homesickness, magazine reading, examinations, long walks, gambling, late lights, letter writing, cold showers, faith, hope and often enough charity. In fact, he hardly touches at all on the mystic things that act as lodestar to the aging—yet forever childish—alumnus, bringing him back a wistful stranger who would recapture the quality of days so recklessly spent in that sunny pleasure dome with caves of ice, his own, his private school. But Chapman of course is writing an affectionate memoir. ("Ha! Boys will be boys," said the Rector, chuckling when he finished the book.) As such, though it may be called "The Wrong Attitude," it is only meet and just that it should express the Right Opinions.

Finally, therefore, Chanler Chapman's book will not do. It is all right as far as it goes, but it goes such a short way. He may suggest what a silly idea it is to want to be a Christian Gentleman, but that is just what he himself has become. And no Christian Gentleman can write the real thing on boarding school. How good that real thing may be is italicized by the knowledge of how important its subject already is. For, as Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt prove, the public schools of England and the private schools of America have had an influence on the history of the last hundred years totally out of proportion to their number or their worth. It is already past the time when that influence should be examined for the edification of those—the so great majority—who do not wear the old school tie. Chanler Chapman may wear his with a difference, but it still has him by the throat.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON

Scientist Under Fire

Adventures of a Biologist, by J. B. S. Haldane. New York: Harper and Brothers. 281 pages. \$2.75.

Science and Everyday Life, by J. B. S. Haldane. New York: The Macmillan Company. 284 pages. \$2.

I WRITE THIS in London, waiting to be bombed," Mr. Haldane says, "but refusing to believe that even if Western Europe is seriously damaged, this will spell the end of civilization, or prove the danger of scientific knowledge." These words, from the preface to "Adventures of a Biologist," give us the portrait of a scientist meeting frankly, and with exceptional gallantry, the challenge of a world at war. Physical courage means little to the man who duplicated on his own person the conditions of the Thetis submarine disaster. J. B. S. Haldane continues his scientific work under harsh conditions with a quiet and steadfast dignity, finding time to write those charming and erudite essays in popular science.

The twenty-seven articles in "Adventures of a Biologist," though uneven in quality, are surprisingly varied and never dull. A long section, dealing with such unsolved problems of science as the weather, solar energy, race, health and the origin of life, is followed by accounts of experimental work in physiology, discussions of the problems of evolution and genetics, and several provocative autobiographical essays in which Haldane sets forth his ideas on the social function of science, on religious liberty, civil rights, dialectical materialism and the philosophy of Marx. For anyone desiring a well rounded picture of Haldane, both as scientist and philosopher I would recommend beginning with the chapters called "Society as a Biological Experiment," "A Biologist Looks at England" and "Why I Am a Materialist."

When Haldane became a convert to socialism as preached by Marx and practised in the Soviet Union, he took the logical next step. That is, he arranged with The London Daily Worker for the publishing of a regular scientific column addressed to the members of the class which he firmly believes is in the direct line of further social and political progress. The result is "Science and Everyday Life," a collection of seventy articles inspired by the con-

viction "that it is the duty of those scientists who have a gift for writing to make their subject intelligible to the ordinary man and woman." Since, for Haldane, a subject is not intelligible in this sense unless it bears directly upon everyday human needs, we find him writing on such matters as good and bad diet, bad air and overcrowding, industrial diseases, air-raid precautions, fallacies of race and eugenics, drugs, medicine and genetics.

What distinguishes Haldane's treatment of all these subjects—and this applies to both volumes—is his unfailing good humor, his enthusiasm for simple things and his uncanny gift for bridging the gap between some highly abstract line of research and concrete problems. In the last chapter of "Adventures of a Biologist," he tells us what he requires from life. Work, freedom, health and friendship; if possible, a little adventure, good books, tobacco, a motor car and a daily bath. The first four should be for everyone, and that is why he believes in socialism. Finally, "of all men whose deaths are recorded, I consider that Socrates' was the most enviable. He died for his convictions, when he could easily have survived by betraying them. . . . And he died laughing." Which completes the portrait of J. B. S. Haldane, an honest scientist and a brave man.

HAROLD WARD

Regional Poet

Wait for These Things, by George Abbe. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 83 pages. \$2.

GEORGE ABBE is a young New England poet and, unlike most of his contemporaries in or out of New England, he somewhat continues the regional tradition of the Longfellow-Whittier school. Here and there some poets use the local scene, others the local folk, and there may even be some—I can think of none—whose references are those of the Christian piety of a hundred years ago. (Among New Englanders, John Wheelwright is a poet of considerable religious power but it is very high-church compared to Mr. Whittier's meeting-house.) Abbe's lyrics reflect all three purposes of that nineteenth-century verse. The intermediate influences of Frost and Masters may separately have taught Abbe his commentary on the land and his uncommentated local portraits; but the fairly constant tone of his verse is simple love of countryside and people, and a simple faith.

I do not suggest that this is Abbe's conscious program; I doubt that it is. His poems appear to be an easy-going and natural emanation of a character that responds pleasantly to its native ground and turns to expression in unsophisticated measures. Where, in a very few poems, Abbe inclines to question economic status and social future, the tone becomes self-conscious. And the verse is never technically interesting; the experiments in polyphonic prose gain no effects not present in the freely rhymed shifting line he sometimes uses. Indeed it may be that a more conscious program would strengthen and develop this verse. Following what appear to be his inclinations, Abbe might find in the best of Longfellow's verse structure and in the best of Whittier's descriptive passages an efficiency of poetry rewarding to his purpose.

W. T. SCOTT

The Proletarian Pattern

Salute to Spring, by Meridel LeSueur. New York: International Publishers. \$2.

MOST PROLETARIAN FICTION has fallen into a rigid pattern: in its topic sentence was the group—undernourished, underprivileged, afraid; in its development, the group, driven by fear, hunger and repression, learned of its potential strength when unified; in its conclusion was the call for organization and action. Because the theme was new and affirmative, rather than despairing, the pattern was attractive. But because most of the proletarian writers were unused to the focus, their fiction was bare, skeletal and undistinguished.

Meridel LeSueur's twelve stories published in "Salute to Spring" are variations on this theme. Seven of them are related to it in pattern and detail as well. But Miss LeSueur's writing is never undistinguished: if her stories are already familiar (several of them are almost identical in plan, purpose and effect), the poetic grace with which she tells them is not; if they are repetitious, they are not monotonous: one story explores and amplifies the mood and circumstance suggested by another, and all are related by the author's intention. "Corn Village" presents the narrowness and bitterness of a Midwestern town; the title story shows the farmer organizing for his own protection; "I Was Marching" is the inside story of a strike; in "No Wine in His Cart," the employer prepares to fight his strikers with guns and tear gas.

Few writers today are quite as intense as Miss LeSueur and few are as well equipped to write out the theme that has become a program. Miss LeSueur brings to her material a rare sensitivity and affection; perhaps because she is a woman, she has managed to give her people an emotion that is clear and at once understandable.

MILTON LEHMAN

A Reader's List

THE COURSE OF AMERICAN DEMOCRATIC THOUGHT: An Intellectual History since 1815, by Ralph M. Gabriel (Ronald Press, \$4). From Jefferson, Emerson and Thoreau, to Justice Holmes, Thurman Arnold—and Lippmann—reaching the conclusion: "The American democratic faith is a system of checks and balances in the realm of ideals." Trend—from individualism to collectivism. This volume in the Ronald Series in History is an admirable well stuffed companion for a history textbook, but can be read for pleasure as well as profit.

POWER IN TRANSITION, by Ernest R. Abrams (Scribner's, \$3). A detailed analysis of national power policies by a conservative economist who thinks the government is moving too fast toward public ownership of public utilities. This point is driven home by exposing the engineering, financial and regional problems of power development against the background of conflicting political issues. Conclusion: let us be thankful for the greater efficiency of private enterprise.

CLASS AND AMERICAN SOCIOLOGY: From Ward to Ross, by Charles Hunt Page (Dial Press, \$3.50). One of the more useful of doctor's theses in sociology, examining Ward,

Sumner, Small, Giddings, Cooley and Ross, and how they used the concepts of class and class-consciousness. Despite the freshness of the subject, the style is still heavily academic. But it is good to know that there have been non-Marxians in America who have dealt with this theme. The author has done a necessary job in a craftsmanlike way.

DEMOCRACY UP-TO-DATE, by Sir Stafford Cripps (Norton, 75 cents). Suggestions for the reform of the British parliamentary system, inspired by the insight that democracy cannot survive unless it becomes as efficient as totalitarianism.

YANKEES AND YORKERS, by Dixon Ryan Fox (New York University Press, \$4). An account of the contracts between New York and New England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, with the emphasis on their temperamental and cultural differences. There are curious parallels with the international politics of 1940. Pieter Stuyvesant used the phrase "Trojan horse." Vermont almost equaled Slovakia in its desire for independence at any cost and Ethan Allen negotiated with the British because his land grants conflicted with those of New York.

THE DELAWARE, by Harry Emerson Wildes (Farrar and Rinehart, \$2.50). One of the most readable in the Rivers of America series. Written with so much enthusiasm for the Delaware section, where in colonial days many cultures mingled, that even the bibliography is interesting. The book succeeds in presenting the factual as well as the dramatic, and emphasizes the importance of the Quaker tradition and of the revolutionary campaigns on the Delaware.

BEHIND THE SURGEON'S MASK, by James Harpole (Stokes, \$2.75). Anecdotes from a surgeon's case book, made into pleasant after-dinner chat. Simple explanations of ailments and their treatment are worked in with the human-interest stories, and the author tries to indicate the advances in modern surgical methods. Carefully written, mildly amusing.

TWENTY-FIVE WOMEN, by Robert Neuman (Dial, \$3). The twenty-five women were a group of young professionals the author met in Constantinople; ten years later he tried to find out what had become of them. The result is a study of prostitution in its economic, political and personal aspects, told objectively but enlivened by humor and a good story-sense.

FICTION

ROSE OF THE SEA, by Paul Vialar (Carrick and Evans, \$2.50). A French sea yarn about a young sailor who is led to murdering his uncle and who gives himself up to be at peace with his conscience. The ending is familiar and not quite convincing, but strong scenes, a fast-moving plot and a well etched background make it an eminently readable book. It is the last *Prix Femina* novel.

WHEN THE BOUGH BREAKS, by Adeline Rumsey (Simon and Schuster, \$2.50). Three sisters growing old in New York City. One marries for money, one marries for love and stays poor, one doesn't marry at all; and all three look back to a cosy yesterday because today is always a washout. Miss Rumsey treats their disappointments with dry, unsparing humor and much perception. She turns out, in fact, a careful, touching and quite effective job.

THE DELAMER CURSE, by Anne Green (Harpers, \$2.50). Nine generations of Delamers died before they were thirty. The last of them, a young girl, meddles with magic mirrors and sinister family heirlooms and breaks the curse.

A pretty story that tries too hard to call surprise on every page.

TASSELS ON HER BOOTS, by Arthur Train (Scribner's, \$2.75). New York and Saratoga; their *haut monde*, *demi-monde* and political underworld in the days of the Erie War and the Gold Panic; Boss Tweed, Jim Fiske, Josie Mansfield and Ward McAlister—all this and all these presented with a few historical liberties but vividly and entertainingly. In short, a fine novel except for the story.

ACTION IN HAVANA, by Elinor Rice (Duell, Sloan and Pearce, \$2.50). Hot-headed goings-on in Havana, by the author of "The Best Butter." The characters are an attractive American girl, her unduly wealthy brother, a well meaning journalist and a supporting cast with enough color to make this quite a trip. Sophisticated, conscientious writing, pretty uneven but thoroughly readable.

MAIGRET ABROAD, by George Simenon (Harcourt, Brace, \$2). Both the author and his fascinating hero are at their best in the two novels included here. The atmosphere—small towns in Belgium and Holland, their respectable middle-class inhabitants, and the seamy side of their outwardly placid lives—is evoked with masterful ease; and Maigret's disgust with human nature is once more rewarded by sharp psychological insights.

Contributors

MELVIN M. FAGEN has just returned from six months in wartime France where he served as a relief administrator. He is now writing a book on America's war-materials export policies.

HIRAM MOTHERWELL is a former foreign correspondent for the Chicago Daily News who has also been an editor of magazines and author of several books dealing with the theatre.

GRANVILLE HICKS, for a number of years an editor of The New Masses, is the author of several books, including "The Great Tradition."

JOHN MALCOLM BRINNIN was a student at the University of Michigan last year, where he ran his own bookstore and won Poetry's Jeanette Sewell Davis prize. He has been an editor of Signatures and New Writing and has contributed verse and criticism to New Letters in America, Poetry, The New Masses and other periodicals.

TED POSTON, formerly city editor of The Amsterdam News, is a reporter on The New York Post.

STANLEY FERGUSON, a former orchestra player, now writes for a weekly paper in Washington.

PAUL WOHL is an economist who was connected with international organizations in Paris and Geneva for many years. In New York he was recently financial and political correspondent of a French press association.

DAVID GRENE, formerly a member of the Classics Department at Trinity College, Dublin, is giving courses in Greek and comparative drama at the University of Chicago.

DUNSTAN THOMPSON, poet and critic, was for a time president of The Harvard Monthly.

HAROLD WARD's special interest is in the social implications of science and technology, a subject on which he contributes frequently to various periodicals.

W. T. SCOTT is a reporter on The Providence Journal and has published a book of verse, "Biography for Traman."

MILTON LEHMAN is now editing and condensing an inexpensive series of American classics.